

Jeremiah's
CONTEMPLATION

On *Jeremiah's*

LAMENTATIONS:

OR

ENGLAND'S Miseries match'd
with SION'S Elegies.

Being

Described and unfolded in five
ensuing Scenes;

By JEREMIAH RICHES
Sermon.

1648
JAN 12. V. 21.

*Acquaint thy selfe with God, and be at peace
whereby good shall come unto thee.*

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN STEVENSON

and are to be sold at his shop, at the Signe

below Endrate Hill. 1648.





TO THE RIGHT
Honourable, ELIANOR RICH,
Countesse of Suffex and Warwick,
Vicountesse Baronesse Fitzwalter, Lady
Egremond, Burmel, Mortimer, and Leez,
Beloved Consort to the Right Honorable, Robert,
Earle of Warwick, Baron of Leez, and Lord
High Admirall of England:

JEREMIAH RICH wisheth health here,
and happinesse hereafter.

HAVING (most Honoured Lady)
perused the Lamentations of
Jeremiah, I found them suitable
to the Complaints of England;
and when I called to minde, that these
two Ladies, Israel and England, were
the Darlings of God, the Daughters of

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Heaven, the Wonder of the Earth, and yet the Envie of the World; and then beheld them in the bitternesse of Sorrow, and in their silent sadnesse, despised, disgraced, rejected, depopulated, distracted, and abused; I could not chuse but sometimes bathe my Subject with my Teares, and following the president of the sad Prophet, wish, that mine eyes were Rivers of Waters, that I might weepe day and night for the flaine of the Daughter of my people: Indeed, Israel was elder in Joy, and England younger in Sorrow; the Warres of Israel was farther from our apprehension, the Woes of England neerer us in relation: And who that sees her sequestred Husband, her disobedient Children, her frowning Brethren, her bow-
ing

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

ing Battlements, her weakened Bulwarkes, her numerous Enemies, and divided Armies, but will say, The glory of England is departed? But it is not so: for through the Gate of Mercie wee may espie a Doore of Hope; I rather take these Divisions for a Purge, that will purifie; or a Qualme, that will qualifie; or an Antidote, to expell Poyson; and the darke Cloud of Englands Warre, to be a short Thunder-clap, to cleare the corrupted Ayre.

Madame, these Contemplations are sad, yet Divine; as Divine, fit for all times; and as sad, onely fit for these.

When I first composed them in Measure, I intended them for my private

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Solace ; but through the importunitie of some (whom Nature hath bound me to obey) I have committed them now to publike Censure, which I must expect to be hard enough ; yet farre more charitable, if they flye through the world under the shadow of your Honours wings.

These (Honourable Lady) are the First-Fruits of my Poetrie (either Morall or Divine) which I humbly offer to your Honour : To commend them, I cannot ; and discommenda them, I will not : Few will denie the goodnesse of the Subject, though many may carpe at the Object ; and these will onely be the Scholars of Zoylus, who finde fault with all things, yet can mend nothing.

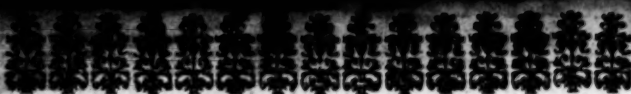
Think

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

Tbinke it not presumption (my Honoured Ladie) that I have intruded so farre upon your Goodnesse , in presenting so unworthie an Offering ; and let the Error consume in his Zeale, who is no lesse , nor can begge to be any more , then your Honours servant,

JEREMIAH RICH,

To



TO THE READER.

THe orient lustre of Vertue shineth through the interposing Cloud of Envie, and Love lasheth Malice sometimes with Rods of Roses. This little *Manuel* (deare Reader) may keepe thee from future falls, and guard thee from present feares. It may be a Glasse for thine eye, a Lanthorne for thy foot, a Weapon for thine hand, a Curb for thy tongue, and a President for thy Pen. If by any thing here thou gainest profit, lay its memoriall foundation in a building of practice: And if thine eye behold an Error, rebuke me silently, and interre it in the sepulchre of Oblivion. I say no more, but wish thee all perfection in perusing, understanding in the reading, and charitie in the judging of these five Sceanes, which at least was intended well by him who is at thy service,

JEREMIAH RICH

thinko

To his Friend JEREMIAH RICH,
Upon his Contemplations.

RICH, to thy prayse, thou art enricht with wit
Beyond thy yeares; thy friends are proud of it.
I've read thy Contemplations, and admire
That Youth unto such Gravitie should aspire.
The holy Prophet, with inspired skill,
Penfil'd the Funerall Song of Israel,
And thy laborious Pen hath here descri'd
The feares of England for her former Pride;
Thou hast not laht the Errors of this Age
With fained Dreames on the vain-glorious Stage,
But in a holy, milde, and gentle stile
Lamentest the Transgressions of this Ile.

Goe on to write, and wee'l not cease to prayse,
And to the highest pitch thy Merits rayse:
Such honour as the antient Romans gave
To their admired Poets, thou shalt have;
We will, in signe of thy deseru'd renowne,
Impale thy Temples with a Lawrell Crowne.

ROBERT SLATER.

The Authors Entertainment.

I Were folly to disgrace, or else commend
This Booke; Oh Reader, if thou art my friend,
It is enough: and wherefore then should I
Set a dull Candle to thy darkned eye,
Untill the day appeare, but that thy sight
Would be amazed with that glorious light
That shines in midst of darknesse, lest it rise
Too soone, and quickly dim thy darkned eyes?
Now, if this Candle falter in its glory,
Blame me, not that Celestiall Story
That was my Subject; for too bright a day
May cause a Travailer to lose his way:
But if to guide your feet this Candle shine,
Mine is the labour, but the gaine is thine.
Goe on then, Reader, reade and understand,
And may thy heart be bett'ed by my hand
To all Eternitie, and let it be
The Epilogue of Englands Tragedie:
And so adue; yet thus much I make knowne,
Reade it to purpose, or let it alone.

Farwell.

Jeremiab



Jeremiab's CONTEMPLATIONS
UPON
Jeremiab's LAMENTATIONS.

CHAP. I.

Verse 1.

HOW sad doth *Sion* sit ? how doth she hide
Her face in mourning ? Like a forlorne Bride
Whose husband is departed, when deaths charms
Doth seperate Lovers from each others armes ;
How doth she weep ? the famous City now
Is weake and desolate, her Bulworkes bow
Their proud imperious necks to the vaine glory
Of the proud Enemy, and is tributary.

(2)

(2)

Her lovely cheeks, and her enchanting eie,
Where sat inthron'd a Princely Majestie,
Are bath'd in silent streames of flowing teares,
As if shee'd make them lovely with her teares:
Among her amorous Lovers there are none
Can give her comfort, but increase her moane;
Nay all her Lovers they forsake her too,
And doe as all dissemblers use to doe.

(3)

Victorious *Judah* she doth prisoner lye,
Fetter'd in chaines, in strong captivity;
Against the prisoners cry she stopt her cares;
And now the rampant Lion's full of feares:
Now glorious *Judah*, she that bore the bell
From the twelve Tribes of warlike *Israel*,
Now dwels among the heathen: and the head
Of Kingly *Sion* is dishonoured.

(4)

Those fragrant walkes, and those alluring wayes,
Do seeme to mourne, because no mirth, nor prayse,
No Feast, nor Sacrifice is in her gate.
Ah! lovely Land, how art thou desolate!
The holy Priest with teare-bedew'd eyes
Laments and sighs: the maidens Lover dyes,
And now poore *Sion* must her boddy dresse,
In darke, in dismall, mournfull heaviness.

(5) Her

(3)

(5)

Her thundring Foes are lofty, they are high
That are the Actors of her Tragedy;
Her Pride and Insolence first brought this Rod,
Nor is it more then just that Israels God
Should sometimes lath his owne: since their owne Crimes
Spurr'd on their ruine to these dismall Times.
The Fathers sins have wrought the Childrens woe:
The Childrens grieve the Fathets overthrow,

(6)

That lovely beauty which did often shine
More glorious than the day with grace divine:
Those amorous glances once which had the art
To blind the Lovers eye and steale his heart,
Are now deformed; and the ashy hand
Of death hath spoyl'd the glory of the Land.
The Royall Princes which possesse the Throne
Of Kingly Majesty are fled and gone.

(7)

Now sad *Jerusalem* sits and calls to mind
All her Rebellion: Ah she was unkind
To sin against her Lord, who checked Kings
For *Sions* sake, and gave her pleasant things;
Had she but clave to him, as he was just,
Shee had not laid her honour in the dust;
Nor been a scorne for fooles which sometimes say,
What gained *Israell* by the Sabbath day?

B 2

(8) And

(4)

(8)

And wonder not *Jerusalem* is so mockt
Of all that hate her; for her sins have rockt
Her senses to a slumber, none do show
The sad approaching of her overthrow;
The lovely City now they much despise,
Who sometimes honoured her, their lofty eyes
Looke scornfull on her in her misery; thus
That face is loath'd that was so amorous.

(9)

Her shame lies hid to none both foe and friend,
Yet she remembred not her latter end,
Therefore her fall was wondrous sudden; oh
Why went poore *Sion* slumbring to her woe?
And who shall comfort poore *Jerusalem* now?
O glorious God looke on my miseries, thou
Art al sufficient, thou canst blow aside
The hopes of Mortalls in their height of pride.

(10)

And now the furious Foe hath stretcht his hand
On her rich Ornaments, and pleasant Land:
And 'cause he thought this not enough to do,
Thy Sanctuary is polluted too:
Although O Lord thou once didst give command
That no false stranger in a forreigne Land
Should dare to come with his unhallowed eyes
Where thine Annointed offer Sacrifice.

(11) Ab

(5)

(11)

Ah me, who shall relieve me with some bread?
Our hearts are faint with hunger, feare and dread
Meth fill'd my tottering soule, where shall I flye
That Famine finde me not and so I dye?
My Garments, Jewels, Bracelets, and my Rings,
Houses, and Vineyards, all my pleasant things
I give for bread unto the angry foe;
Thou seest O Lord our soules are wondrous low.

(12)

Looke backe ye travellers, O cast your eye
Ye wandring strangers that are passing by;
If you have any pittie come and see
If any Nation were so low as me;
What sorrow is like mine? what sufferings can
Compare with *Sions*, that befalleth man?
While the displeasure of my angry God
Sweeps off my glory with his lashing Rod?

(13)

The burning fury of the high Jhove
Makes faint my heart, his jealousie above
Prevails against me, and I sit in doubt
How to get in his favour, or how out
Of his displeasure; ah there is a net
Spread for my feet: a scorching furnace her
To burne me from my drosse, that I may be
Refin'd from sin, and Sathans Empery.

(6)

(14)

All my transgressions as a heavy yoke
Are fastened by his arme, and every stroake
Is laid upon my neck : my heart is weake
Since my accused soule those Lawes did breake
Which I was bound to keep ; the Almighty hand
Of Israels God hath wasted Israels Land ;
My glory is departed, and mine eyes
Behold no meanes for ever to arise.

(15)

Those mighty Warriors which did shelter round
The Gates of *Sion*, whose brave deeds redound
To Israels glory, and their Enemies wonder,
Lie bleeding on the ground, and trodden under;
The Lord hath call'd a counsell to confound
All *Judah's* glory on the Crimson ground;
The bleeding bodies of the young men joyne,
He trod them under as they tread the Vine.

(16)

For these things do I weepe, mine eye, mine eye,
Doth wash my Cheeckes ; oh, what felicity
Can sad *Ierusalem* have in these diasters ! nay,
Those that should comfort me are far away ;
My Land is desolate, all my friends are laine
In strong Captivity, and my Children slaine :
My God hath left me to the Enemies power,
Ah, who will easeme in this troubled houre?

(17) Now

(7)

(17)

Now lovely *Sion* sits with silent moanes;
She would implore some help by her deep groanes,
Alas, but there is none; the furious Foe
Desireth nothing but her overthrow.
The Lord hath lay'd a mighty siege about
The Tents of *Iacob*: and she sits in doubt
Of her deliverance, while her Foes deride
And loath her Actions as a wanton Bride.

(18)

And yet our God is just and righteous too,
Though sad *Ierusalem* knowes not what to do,
The Royall City dow does mourne because
She oft rebell'd against his righteous Lawes.
Ye neighbouring Nations that Spectatours be,
That sometimes looke upon my Tragedy,
Behold my Virgins and my young men go
To long Captivity and lingring woe.

(19)

My dearest lovers which should have reliev'd me,
As sometimes Lovers do, they quite deceiv'd me;
The Priest, and Elders both for hunger faile,
Their lookes are wan, their countenance is pale,
Their bodies weake, and giddy is their head;
Their strength does faile their wills for lack of bread;
They seeke for food and find their labour vaine,
Famine, and Death doth in the Kingdome raigne.

(8)

(10)

Yet O my Lord, how do my bowells yearne
For mourning Israel, the Foes are stearne,
My bowels swell, my heart is turned too
With woe and griefe, what shall poore *Sion* doe
How can *Jerusalem*s sorrowes but possesse,
My troubled soule with woe and heaviness?
At home the Famine reignes, the people dye,
Abroad the Sword doth compleat misery.

(21)

Jerusalem knowes I dayly sit and weep;
Ah, had security nere lull'd asleep
This glorious Nation, earths admired prize,
We should not then have drencht our watry eyes
In teares for Israels woe, nor been so sad:
But now our Enemies skoffe, our Foes are glad,
Our Nation once was high and glorious,
But now are poore; Lord make our Enemies thus.

(22)

Oh Lord let all their sins come up to thee,
And do to them as thou hast done to me;
Puffe all their glory out, and let them dye
Like to false joy in midst of miserie;
And let us be delivered by thy Will
Though we have sin'd and oft done wondrous ill;
O heare my sighs, do not forget my moanes,
My heart is faint with oft repeated groanes.

... ontem...

CONTEMPLATION.

ANd is it so? hath Israels God forsaken
 The Tents of Jacob? Is their Citie taken,
 And all their young men slaine? does the most high
 From his owne Israel turne back his eye?
 Does he withdraw himselfe, and let the Foo
 To glory in poore Israels overthrow?
 Is *Iudab* spoyl'd, and do the Enemies swell,
 While their black Actions often prosper well?
 Does sweet-fac'd *Sion* mourne? woe and alas,
 'Tis so indeed, how came these things to passe?
 Oh how mine eyes could send a flood of teares
 To wash this Paper, while my deafened eares
 Are rouz'd with this allarum, which is hurld
 By heavens appointment through the circled world.
 But shall we thinke God is unjust in this,
 To scourge his Chi'dren if they do amisse?
 If the wide world had not some sufferings, sure
 The lives of Nations would be too secure;
 Yet heaven's not easily mov'd to send his Rod,
 'Twas Israels sins offended Israels God.
 But if the best of Saints so ill do fare,
 Where shall the crue of damned Sinners share
 But in eternall darknesse? whose black Tombe
 Shall scare the first, but give the last their doome.
 Go on then Sinners, plunder, kill, and spoile,
 Those harmelesse Lambes, it is but for a while
 The time is wondrous short, this Inch of time
 Thou mayst do much: thy swelling heart may clime
 Unto the top of envy, and it may
 Hazard eternity in a short lived day;

Perhaps

Perhaps a yeare may finish up thy Course,
 And then thou Son of Beliall death will force
 Thy soule to long eternity, and thou must thither;
 How will thy trembling knees then knock together
 When thou shalt know Death summons thee to dye,
 With thoughts of torment in Eternity?
 And last of all; Is mourning Israels Land
 So soone subdued by heavens immediate hand?
 Then let not *England*, though the best of three
 Distempered Lands, dreame of security.
 The Nations who possesse the aforesaid place,
 Had greater measure of Celestiall grace,
 And yet they were destroy'd; can there be peace
 In *Englands* Borders unlesse sin doth cease?
 Turne to thy God O *England*, lest his hand
 Doth overturne the glory of the Land.
 The black mouth'd Swearer, he doth rend in sunder
 His Makers Name with Oaths like claps of thunder;
 The proud mans scornfull eye does hate to see
 His beggered Neighbour false in misery;
 The lives of Harlots in their capring Schooles
 Are kept by young men, Natures blinded Fooles;
 The covetous muckworme he himselfe hath sold
 To live in service to the God of Gold;
 A little after comes his Son, and he
 Throwes all away in prodigality;
 Wonder of wonders, why's not *Englands* glory
 As dim as *Sion's*, made a bloody Story
 For other Lands to read her downfall, why
 Doth sin survive and yet not *England* dye?
 Why is not *London* that was sometimes famous
 To the wide Univerſe now held as hainous
 As was poore *Sion*? ah her sins abound!
 Why dyed she not when she receiv'd a wound
 In the last fatall War? why has this place
 So much of blessing and so little grace?

Why doth not fier range in every street?
 Methinkes 'twere just that Sword and Famine meet,
 While War did rumble all our Bulworkes down,
 And strangers get the glory of the Crowne.
 Indeed 'twere just it should so, while that we
 Are lull'd asleep in sad security.
 The Prophet here laments, his weeping eyes
 Are wash't with teares, because the miseries
 Of *Sion* was approaching, often he
 Was bath'd in teares for their calamity;
 But we so far from pitying of our Land
 Thus sunke in sin, that with a mighty hand
 We adde unto her woe by sin, and thinke
 The eye of heaven doth but sit and winke.
 Oh glorious God, who art that holy one,
 Lovely in beauty; whose most royall Throne
 Is borne by winged Cherubins most high,
 Where mighty Angels praise thy Majestic;
 What is this microcosmus? what are we
 That thou O Lord shouldst take felicity
 In weake and feeble man, whose borrowed breath
 Deth every minute journey to his death?
 Why shouldst thou labour with this peece of earth
 Thus to protect him whose abortive birth
 Doth but begin his woe; yet sleeps secure?
 The Sun, the Moone, and Starres are too impure
 In thy most glorious eyes; then what is man
 But a deserfer of black Hellican.
 Yet oh our God which art the King of Kings,
 Lord of earths Territories, our pleasant things
 Did all come downe from thee; *England* did flourish
 When thy Almighty Arme so long did nourish,
 And did so long protect us, death and feare
 Were strangers to our Borders, we were deare
 In thy beloved eyes; but ah, our woe
 Was our rebellion, and our overthrow

Is from our selves; our blasted Land had been
 Counted earths Paradise but that for sin;
 Yet Lord unite the Kingdomes, let them be
 No more a Stage for that dull Tragedie
 We feare is yet to play; Let it once cease,
 And sound us now a harmony of peace;
 One Act is past along, oh let thy hand
 Give to the rest a powerfull countermand,
 And let us now be lead by truth and love,
 Those amorous Sisters which do dwell above;
 And in the Lawes of love, let *Englands* face,
 Be drest with ornaments of blushing grace;
 And then the last of our harmonious Sceanes
 Shall tell the world what 'tis the Gospell meanes;
 Those faithfull labourers in this Vineyard shall
 Advance the worke with hearts heroicall;
 The Epilogue is joy which ends the Play,
 The Church begins to see a happy day,
 Her steps are lovely, sorrowes have their date,
 For love doth conquer envy, governe hate,

CHAP. II.

Verse 1.

How soon is glory dimme? the Lord doth shrowd
 The face of *Sion* with a darkened cloud;
 His anger darkneth *Judahs* borrowed light,
 And her bright glory is as black as night;
 Her beauty is deformed, and that eye
 Where sat enthroned Princely Majesty
 Is quite extinguish'd, and the angry hand
 Of heaven hath spoyld the pleasant promis'd Land.

(13)

(2)

The Lord hath mixed gall in *Indabs* cup,
And in his fury he hath swallowed up
The strength of *Sion*, and her famous City
Is turn'd to ashes, for he had no pity
Upon poore *Sion*, all her holds are humble
To his high hand; her high battlements tumble;
To Prince and People folly is imputed,
And the proud Enemy has the Land polluted.

(3)

The Lord hath cut *Ierusalem's* strength and horne,
And all the treasure that did once adorne
The royall Land of Israel's batter'd downe;
His countenance he masked with a frowne;
He hath withdrawne his warlike hand, whereby
The Campe of Israel made their Enemies flie;
But now his anger burneth round about
The Land of *Isaac*, who can put it out?

(4)

And as an Archer bends his angry Bow
To do some ruine suddenly, even so
He scattereth his Arrows which do vary,
His right hand threatneth as an Adversary,
And ev'ry thing on which the curious eye
Did take a prospect, did by Famine dye;
The house wherein they call'd upon his name
Is levell'd even by a furious flame.

(14) What

(14)

(5)

What wrong can Mortalls do? their fury high
Is a weake blast; but ah mine Enemy
Is my offended Lord, his wrathfull cup
Is powred out, and he hath swallowed up
My Pallaces, and holds are levelled, he
Hath brought my glory into misery;
He hath increast my sorrows, oh mine eyes
Pumpe foulds of teares, with silent nightly cries.

(6)

And as a flowred Garden barren made,
So is his Tabernacle quite decay'd,
And we are now even as a desolate Nation,
The Lord hath quite destroy'd his Congregation;
The Lord hath caus'd the Solemne Feasts to cease,
And all her Sabbaths; ah what little peace
Can mourning *Sions* see in any thing,
When God despiseth both her Priest and King!

(7)

The Lord hath quite refus'd his holy place
Where the high Priest did offer to his Grace
Their rich Oblations, as they dayly do,
His Sanctuary he abhorreth too;
The strength and fortresse of the pleasant Land
Is given up into the Enemies hand,
Who with unhallowed mouths make harmony
As in the day of high solemnity.

(8) The

(15)

(8)

The Lord long since hath threatened to destroy
The Land of Israel, and eclipse her joy;
And now her earthly right she must relinque
Again to him that gave it; for a Line
Is stretcht about our Borders, and we doubt
How long this Line of woe is measured out;
The earth laments, the walls do seeke redresse,
The Land does mourne in woe and heavinesse.

(9)

Her Gates are sunke, her mighty Barres destroyed,
The Citie's open; how can we avoyd
The fury of the Foe? her Princes gone
Among the Gentiles, we are left alone;
The Law is blotted out, and none can lend
A word of comfort when our miseries end;
The Lord speakes not by vision, not by dreame,
To tell a period of our dismall Theame.

(10)

The Elders they whose knowledge could confute
Great learned Oratours, are still and mute,
They hide their heads in dust, their aged eye
Is taught to weep, and sometimes wish to dye;
Their loyns in sackcloth they have girded round,
And silently they mourne upon the ground;
The amorous Virgins mourn, their cloaths are rent,
Their beauty is like sorrows monument.

(11) Oh

(16)

(11)

Oh how mine eyes are blinded with my teares
Pumpt from my sorrowes? I am big with feares;
My Liver's powred out upon the ground
For our Lands losse, and Kingdomes deadly wound;
The tender Infants in the streets do lye
Imploring bread, a little to supply
Their hungry soules, but yet they, with vain moanes
At last do dye with oft repeated groanes.

(12)

A little bread the hungry Children cry
Most dearest mother ere we quickly dye;
The mother weeps as fast; she faine would give
Her life for food, that so her Child may live;
But as the dying Souldiers heart doth pant
Labouring for life; even so the Infants faine
For lack of food; the pretty Infant he
Sleepes with deaths Lullaby on his mothers knee.

(13)

What need I call a witnesse for thy woe,
To what shall I compare thy sorrowes? oh
Most glorious *Israhel*! who is like to thee,
Blasted so soone, so soone in misery?
How shall I comfort thee, O fairest Land!
Alas thy ruines are beyond the hand
Of Art to limne or draw, thy breaches be
Like mighty surges in the unruly Sea.

(14) Thy

(12)

(14)

Thy Prophets did delude thee, whilst that they
With Lyes fore-told thee of a Sun-shine day;
Their lying lips would not declare thy Lust,
Nor tell thee, Earthly Glory soone would rust:
Then might thy Times to prosp'rous State been turn'd,
Thy Land not ruin'd, nor thy Citie burn'd,
But now 'tis levell'd even by their Lies,
Destruction posted on false Prophecies.

(15)

And as the foraine Traveller doth passe,
He shakes his head, and sighes (woe and alas)
His wondring eyes admiring at the Land,
Which once was glorify'd with Heav'n's high hand;
Is this the Citie, then the Traveller cries,
Whose fame invited all the Nations eyes
To looke upon her beautie! This the Towne,
Call'd Earths perfection, and her high Renowne!

(16)

Even thus the Lord hath done his will on us,
The face of *Sion* is most leperous,
Her hideous Crimes are in her fore-head read,
The Lord hath done what he determined,
For he hath turn'd her Regall Glory downe,
The Heathen sway the Scepter, weare the Crowne;
Our Foes on Earth doe flourish, they doe rise,
It prospers well with *Sions* Enemies.

C

(17) Why

(16)

(17)

Why goest thou weeping then? oh *Sion* why
Art thou thus troubled? heaven cannot lye,
Though thou thy selfe art false, what he commands
Is finisht by his unresisted hands;
Thy horrid sins first furrowed up his brow
With angry frownes, and there's no pittie now
Dwells in his royall bosome, but the foe
He makes to glory at thy overthrow.

(18)

And now our sinking soules begin to call
Unto the Lord; oh batter'd ruin'd wall
Of dismall *Sion*, once like shining beames
Of heavens glory; Let teares run like streames
Along thy lovely cheeks, both day and night
Take they no rest, but let thy conscience fright
Thy soule from slumber, lest thy darkned eye
Be lull'd asleepe in sad securitie.

(19)

Arise and cry, the first approaching houre
Of silent night; and let thy floudgates powre
Forth streams of brackish teares, mixt with a groan:
Lift up thy hands before the lofty Throne
Of high eternitie; for the famisht Child
Whose Parent's dead; and so the Babes exil'd
From their deare mothers armes, their lingring breath
Longeth and waiteth for a welcome death.

(20) Be

(19)

(20)

Behold O Lord our God, to whom, to whom,
Hast thou sent forth this heavy sudden doome ?
Oh whom hast thou thus lashed ? shall we eate
Our dearest Children up for want of meate ?
Those pretty new-born Babes, whose harmlesse eye
Nere knew a sin ; must such sweet Infants dye ?
And are our Priests and Prophers mangled heare ?
Oh that mine eyes were drowned in a teare.

(21)

Oh that mine eyes with silent teares were drown'd;
The young and old lye groveling on the ground;
The warlike youagnen, and the amorous face
Of spotlesse Virgins, death doth now displace,
And laies them in their monuments; they bow
Their weake mortallity to heavens fierce brow :
If these the ruines be of our sad day,
With flouds of teares I'le weep my selfe away.

(22)

Thou bring'st my foes about my naked wall;
Thou giv'st them cause to glory in my fall,
And they do doe it : wherefore dost thou lay
Woes to my soule as in a Solemne day ?
Thy wrath was kindled, few or none remaine;
To scape from killing, it was counted vaine:
Those that I nourished with mine own Cup,
My raging Enemy hath swallowed up.

(120)
CONTEMPLATION II.

THe lab'ring Watch is idle, if the Spring
Be not wound up; and thus in ev'ry thing
There is a Motion; for the Soule doth trace
The Lawes of Nature, or the Rules of Grace:
Our hearts are cold, and various, like the Moone,
Each minute changing; if the righteous Sunne
Shine not upon us, all the world may marke
Our Motion standing, and our Glory darke.
But when the high Creator shewes his face,
And clothes the Mortall with diviner Grace,
The brave Heroick heart aspires to shroud
His Contemplation loftier then a Cloud.
What amorous beautie in the world can shine
Like to the Graces of a Soule Divine?
No black Disaster here can ever maske
That lovely Face, no troubles stay her Taske;
No mists of miserie eclipse her motion,
Nor no delusion hinder her devotion.
The Soule is full of Raptures, and her eyes
Reacheth Eternitie, above the Skyes;
Th' amorous Soule on Earth is wondrous coy,
Desiring nothing else but heavenly joy.
Yet can it be, as this lamented story
Makes evident, that Heaven should hide Glory
From such an honoured Soule, which even He
Hath glorify'd from all eternitie?
And doth he give the Enemie his owne Place?
Hath God, like *Jehou*, got a double face?
Doth the base Enemie so high aspire,
Whom oft he threatneth with consuming fire?

Yes,

Yea, and their prosp'rous State does oft redowne,
To magnifie the honour of Heavens Crowne.

The Usurer, whose back beares all the Curses
Of his poore neighbour, could he fill his Purse
By being godly, he would venture too
To pray to Heaven, as the godly doo ;
And could the base Adulterer bring to passe
His filthy ends, and meet a hand-smooth Lasse
Each Sabbath day at Church, this fellow he
Would be an ugly hearer constantly :
The proud man he would make an ugly face,
And pray, and heare, if this would give a place
Of gaine and honour to his high Ambition ;
Thus holy Writ should serve each base condition,
But now, the glorious Soule which Heaven aspires,
His heart is warmed by Diviner fires ;
His life is circumspect, his blushing face
Weares the high ornaments of heavenly Grace :
This Soule is nobly righteous, and it leans
On its Creator in the most extreames.
If sinne assaults the Soule, it soone will flie
To the high mansion of Eternitie
For its protection ; there, with trembling seares
She bathes her bosome with repenting teares :
The lovely Heaven-borne Soule has no false ends ;
The feare of Enemies, nor the love of friends,
Shall ne'r ensnare her from those Joyes above ;
For whyth amorous Soule hath fixt her love
Upon her glorious Saviour : neverthelesse,
She oft may sit in woe and heavinesse,
And be in many an earthly contemplation ;
When Heav'n brings War and Ruine on a Nation,
Then earthly reasonings may whisper loud,
When Heaven is cov'ed with a sable Cloud
Of bloudie War and Famine, when they poure
Those dismall drops in such a dreadfull Showre

On one distracted Kingdome, when what way,
 When darknesse does eclipse the light of day,
 Is there for soules to wander, when its eyes
 Are bloudshot to behold those villanies
 Which bloody Actors play; when War shall reigne
 In height of envy, numerous bodies slaine
 Imbracing gentle earth; when death shall vaile
 Man in mortality, all faces pall
 Because of hungry famine; when the Child
 For want of friend and food is far exil'd
 From present necessities, and therefore lies
 With deaths pale Image in his tender eyes;
 And when heavens darts shall flye like *Sim & Jim*,
 The soule is sad, her funerall lights burne dimme;
 When life is turn'd to death, and food to feare,
 She sometimes weeps as did the Prophets here;
 Yet with a laden heart, and watry eye,
 The soule doth sometimes mutter this reply.

Unconstant state of earth, shall any he
 That is but dust, direct eternitie
 By his vaine babling? can mortall man
 Guide the Celestiall Orbs by wisdom? can
 He rule the earth by power? can he stay
 The Steeds of *Phabus*, and tye up the day?
 Nay, can he rule himselfe, or guid his mind?
 Are not his waies as wavering as the wind?
 And wilt thou teach thy Maker? since thy birth,
 What hast thou been thou peece of moving earth?
 What, hath thy tottring soule no faith at all?
 Or is thy love to heaven so wondrous small?
 Hath all this Unverse so little rest
 To give a tired heart? and yet possessest
 With love of this low earth my Saviour dy'd,
 That through his death I might be glorified;
 And shall I now refuse to dye for him?
 Hath sin made these darke eyes so quickly dimme?

No,

No, let this earthly man through fire be try'd,
 My soule shall live with him for whom I dy'd;
 Where in the Canopy of his beauteous breast,
 I shall sleep safe with undisturbed rest;
 Have I so little power to controule
 The assaults of sin and death? Alas poore soule!
 Be gone my numerous feares, away, away,
 After a tempest comes a shining day;
 See, see, what dazling glory is behind
 Yon darkned cloud, looke up my muzzled mind,
 Flie on the wings of contemplation; see,
 Thy journies end is high Eternity.

And this, deare Reader, does most oft redowne
 To heavens honour, when earths troubles drowne
 The Saints sometimes in sorrow; earth's a toy,
 And this disjunction fits the soule for joy;
 When on the other side, if heaven should give
 A royall Legacie that Saints might live
 On earth most long and happy, then might vice
 Count heaven a paine, and earth a Paradise;
 And if the world should often heare or see
 That Saints did live in high prosperity,
 Each wretch would turne a Saint for his owne end,
 Looking for earth by making heaven his friend.
 But now go on brave soule, do thou contemne
 All wordly pompe; a royall Diadem
 Shall crowne thy arched browes, thy present paine
 Thou wilt not reckon when thou com'st to raigne;
 Heaven shall receive thee, earth shall raise thy name
 In spite of sinners or their blasted fame;
 And as thy body rests in deaths darke tent,
 This verse shall stand upon thy monument:
 This valiant mortall by a second birth,
 Enjoy'd a Crowne in heaven, conquer'd earth.

CHAP. III.

Verse 1.

Wherefore should Mortals labour thus to shroud
 Their publike Sorrow, in a darkned Cloud
 Of Silence? Why should Blacknesse cover all
 The mourning March of *Sions* Funerall?
 I am the Man of Sorrow, and Heavens Marke;
 I am the chafened Bird, the early Larke:
 His furious Rod hath seized upon me;
 On me, the Monument of Miseric.

(2)

Who ever saw this glorious Eye of Day
 Eclips'd in Darknesse? And this Ball of Clay
 Wrapt in a Sable Mantle, like black Night
 Covering the world with Mists, whose Terrors fright
 All Mortals in their slumbers? Thus mine eyes,
 Dim'd with their teares, doe weepe whole Elegies
 Of Lamentations, while his hand hath dress'd
 My Soule in Troubles, banisht from her Rest.

(3) My

(25)

(3)

My Soule is sad enough, I need no more
Such change of Torments then I had before ;
I need no other Foe, to come and slay
My dying selfe : and why then all the day
Does my incensed Lord against me stand ?
Why at a Mortall doth he turne his hand ?
What will he fight with Earth ? Alas, before
Much time is spent, we shall be seene no more.

(4)

How soone is Beautie lost, and Natures Booke
Quite blotted out, and with an earthly looke
Departs this troubled world, soone broke as Glasse ;
The fleshes Glory, is but withering Grasse ;
Sinne brings in Sorrow, Griefe makes Beautie old,
The Drosse is intermingled with the Gold ;
The least of Heavens displeasure, if he frowne,
It is enough to bring Earths Glory downe.

(5)

Dull piece of feeble Earth, and mortall Man,
A shew of something, yet art nothing ; can
Th' Almightye not consume thee, lest he shall
Build up a Worke against a tott'ring wall ?
What meanes th' Almightye hand of the most high
Thus to surround us, whole mortalitie
Will bring us soone to Dust ? each day we fall,
Insnar'd with Sorrow, Bitternesse, and Gall.

(6) Times

(26.)

(6)

Times black hair'd daughter night, that locks all eies
And hearts in silent slumbring lullabies;
This swarthy nurse with darke and horrid theames,
That frights all mortalls with her nightly dreames,
Does with her curled mantle and her charmes,
Inchant my soule to slumber in her armes;
Thus lull'd in woe to misery I went,
As hearfes march to their dull monument.

(7)

Oh why does the Almighty hedge us round?
Can this base earth be lower than the ground?
The lightfoot Roe-buck with his threatning horne
Swallowes the ground up; and his eyes do scorne
The swift pursuer, we inclos'd about
Where food cannot get in, nor Famine out;
What grieve or sorrow do I not possesse
In chaines of darknesse, woe and heavinesse.

(8)

The helplesse Infant who with grieve is prest,
Seekes Sanctuary in his mothers brest;
And where should hungry soules direct their cry,
But to the Pallace of eternity:
And yet O Lord, how oft do we Implore
Reliefe of thee, for we are wondrous poore;
But when our torments make us cry aloud,
Thou wrapst thy glory in a gloomy cloud.

(9) The

(27)

(9)

The prison is most dreadfull to the eye
Of the sad soule that weares Captivity
About his shackled heeles; the gingling chaine
Afflicts the prisoners memory with paine:
Thus we are captiv'd, ah, what shall we do,
Incles'd, inchained, and imprisoned too;
My foes, my blowes, my crooked ruin'd waies
Cuts off with scissie the number of my dayes.

(10)

Can endlesse love be angry? will wrath never
Be pacified, will it live for ever
In the Almightyes bosome, and his mind
Ne're harbour pittie, but be still unkind
Against his chosen people, thus to teare
Like a fierce Lion or a furious beare?
Why doth thy Rod in secret places lye?
Alas poore we are ever in thine eye.

(11)

Thus vain is worldly pompe, the flourishing crown
Of earthly glory must be trampled downe;
The shadowed beauty of mans little world
Survives a moment, then away 'tis hurl'd
Into a mist of nothing, all my waies
Are turned backward, and my numerous daies
Are now cut shorter; thus to ev'ry Nation
By sin comes ruine, death, and desolation.

(12) The

(18)

(12)

The skilfull Archer with his threatning hand
Drawes forth his Arrow, and his eyes doe stand
Full fixed on the Marke; his furious breath
Sends early summons of ensuing death
Unto the thing he aimes at: so, even so,
My angry God hath bent his angry Bow;
Where shall I hide me? Oh, the world's too narrow,
To hide a mortall from his flying Arrow.

(13)

'Tis vaine, my trembling heart, for to endeavor
To take thy selfe to flight, for that can never
Save thee a minute from his flying Dart,
'Twill quickly reach thee: Oh my dying heart,
His winged shafts have hit me; Oh the paine
Of a sad wounded Soule on earth: how vaine
A thing is Pleasure, Pride, and Profit? why
Doth man so hug deceitfull Vanitie?

(14)

Scoffe on, my angry Foes, and let your wiles
Be painted over with deceitfull smiles;
Be merry Gallants, let your Laughter rise,
With Tones of Musick, to the loftie Skies;
Drinke Healths to *Sions* Ruine; and yet know,
This is the Churches glory, and thy woe:
No Kingdome's conquer'd, but it is by losse,
No Saint is crowned, but he weares the Crosse.

(15) Urgh

(29)

(15)

Urge me no more, my soule is fill'd with Gall,
And bitter-tasted Wormewood : Is this all
The joy that Earth can yeeld ? Oh, what delusion
Hath lying Vanities, to bring confusion
Upon a tott'ring soule ! A flatt'ring Kisse
Of Earth robs man of everlasting blisse ;
Thus Folly is exalted, for a Toy
Poore short-liv'd man doth part with endlesse Joy.

(16)

Mans Worke is vaine, his Treasure is but travell,
Man pines in paine, his Greatnesse is but gravell ;
We fast, we famish too, these are our mones,
Our teeth, in stead of food, are broke with stones,
Thus doe we suffer by th'immediate hand
Of Heaven, and the beautie of our Land
Is turn'd a heape of ashes ; while we have
On Earth no Heritance, but in the Grave.

(17)

Thus my o'r-whelmed Soule became a stranger
To Joy and Peace ; and dwelling neere to danger,
I sometimes taught my most disconsolate heart
These following words : Ah tim'rous flesh, why art thou
Thou fill'd with feares ? the time is almost heere,
When thy Redemption, *Sion*, draweth neere :
My Soule forgot her songs, for glory dyes
Like shining Glo-wormes to benighted eyes.

(18)

(30)

(18)

Ah sinfull soule, hath Sathan got such scope
Of mans bad reason, that there is no hope;
Not trust thy God fond Mortall? did thine eye
Or eare perceiue him ever falsifie
With his poore Creatures, but he succour sent?
Go rocky heart, away thou monument
Cut out of marble, do not hurt my sence
With unbeliefe, with shame and diffidence.

(19)

And yet 'twas reason (when I call'd to mind
The monstrous earthquakes, and the huffling wind
Which turned Israels glory upside downe,
And gave the foes the honour of the Crowne)
That I should weep, when I remembered all
The bitter wormwood and the poysonous gall:
Weep gentle heart, pumpe from my watry eyes
The silent streames of mourning Elegies;

(20)

My soule is sad indeed, 'tis truest moane
When the poore Orphane sits and grieues alone;
Alone said I, ah me, I need not, we
Have thousand spirits more in misery,
Whose burdened sorrowes overwhelm their kind;
What are our words, alas they are but wind;
Only remembring mine afflictions, they
Shall humble me in this my cloudy day.

(21) The

(31)

(21)

The Malefactor smiles to thinke on favour
From the sterne Judge; Sinners have a Saviour,
Yet they are alwaies angry, and cast downe,
As if their glory were in earths base Crowne;
A Crown! what if thou hast a Crown? earths glory
Is various, vaine, false, and transitory:
Considering this, sad heart thou hast good scope
To rest thy tired selfe and live in hope.

(22)

I cannot hold, my heart must needs confesse;
Be witnesse endlesse love, judgements were lesse
Then our transgressions; when they cried aloud
To the high heavens, and earths darkned cloud
Lookt angry at our folly; oh if thou
Shouldst blast us into nothing, even now
Our soules should justifie thee, 'cause poore we
Know, heaven lov'd us from eternity.

(23)

As oft as *Phæbus* lights the darkned skies
With mourning raies, dazling all mortals eyes
With fulnesse of his glory; Writers say,
A blushing Evening brings a Sun-shine day;
Even thus our Sun spreads forth Cælestiall wings
Of brightest glory, and away he flings
Those hasty mists of darknesse, which infold
The tried Silver, and corrupts the Gold.

(24) But

(32)

(24)

But Heaven is my Soules portion, and my part,
Filling the vastnesse of my Soule, my heart
Cannot containe the treasure of this wealth,
'Tis sick of Love, and yet in perfect health;
Glory and honour doth attend the man
With highest joy, that hath this Dowrie: can
There be a lack? though Famine be so neere,
Feare darkneth Faith, and Faith destroyeth Feare.

(25)

The tyred Traveller in Summer dayes
Seekes for some cooling shade, to keepe the rayes
Of hot *Apollo* from his fainting head;
When flaming *Phæbus*, and his fire Steeds
Are in their high Careere, the Dog-starre flies,
Barking with heat through Heavens Canopie;
Christ is this cooling shade, his Kingly mind
Rewards the worker; he that seekes shall find.

(26)

Thrice happy Traveller, that this journey made,
To seeke a shelter in this pleasant shade:
What greater portion on the Earth then this?
And in the Heavens what higher Paradise?
Mortals y^e are coulen'd, worldly Wit and Strength,
Pride and Vaine-glory failes poore man at length:
Where then is sure protection from all harmes?
He tell thee where, 'tis in th' Almightyes armes.

(27) The

(33)

(27)

The Warlick Horse, whom Nature doth bedeck
With strength and vigour, and his thundring neck;
Is drest with youth and fortitude, his eye
Sends furious summons to the enemy;
While strength is in his loynes, his courage can
Breathe out defiance to the armed man:
'Tis good in youth to taste afflictions losse,
He that wil weare the Crown, must bear the Crosse.

(28)

Canst thou be silent, when thy God is neere?
Canst thou be sad, and hast no cause of feare?
Canst thou be dazled with thy sinnes reflection?
Canst thou be fearfull, when thou hast protection?
Why dost thou mourne for *Sions* miserie?
Pride was the Prologue to her Tragedie;
Rather then murmure for deserved ill,
Close thy lips ever, Soule be silent still.

(29)

A Child of Heaven early doth begin
To honour vertue, and to trample sin,
Under his carelessse feet; his scornefull eye
Takes but slight notice of Earths vanitie:
Sweet-fac'd Humilitie is Honours Mother,
He that hath one, will quickly have the other;
They both are marcht with Glory, happy he
That comes to Honour by Humilitie.

The

HT (30)

D

(30) 3a

(34)

(30)

Is it such honour to be humble then?
Are mourning mortals most the happiest men?
Where lyes their glory, sayes the world? for we
See no such honour in humilitie;
Th'are 'tyr'd with rags, and they are fed with feares,
Reproaches, scandals, and the peoples jeeres:
And is this honour? yea, and this story
Is the Saints evidence for highest glory,

(31)

Time darkeneth the Skyes, Time brings the Day;
Time glads the eyes, Time puffes all joy away;
Time builds a Kingdome, Time o'rthrows a Nation,
Time wrires a storie of their desolation:
Time hath a time, when Time shall be no more;
Time makes some rich, and Time makes rich men poore;
Time is, when God will be his Churches friend,
When Times eternitie shall never end,

(32)

For though, fond man, thou taste afflictions sorrow
This gloomie ev'ning, joy will come to morrow:
Indeed a night or two thy sorrowes may
Eclipse thy glory, but a shining day
Will soone appeare, to glad thy longing eyes,
Like shining *Phaëton* in the blushing Skyes;
Man shall finde mercie, sinners may intrude
To rest their soules in mercies multitude,

(33) The

(32)

(33)

The chafing Horse breaks through th'armed Ranks
With his proud Rider, and his bleeding flanks
Are witnesses of haste; his courage brave
At last is cool'd, and measureth out his grave
Upon the bloudie earth: thus we begin,
Rid by vain-glory, and spurr'd on with sin,
To break Heav'n's high Command, so Death is just,
Our pride and honour lyeth in the dust.

(34)

And yet his blessings are farre more then blowes;
Men use to trample downe their conquer'd foes
Under their Horses fetlocks, few will give
Their wounded enemy an houre to live:
Yet *Israels* God, whose high victorious hand
Can crush the sinfull prisoners of the Land
Into a piece of nothing; still his strife
Is but to give dead man eternall life.

(35)

Have we a Right to these Terrestriall Toyes,
And yet a Title to Celestiall Joyes?
This is on Earth, and that above the Skies;
The first, the Promise; and the last, the Prize;
He that hath this, will quickly have the last,
Glory comes posting, when our griefe is past;
If God denie us not this Earthly Ball,
He'll give us Heaven, which is best of all.

D 2

(36) He

(36)

(36)

He takes no pleasure when he doth subvert
The Cause of man, nor doth it glad his heart
To over-turue a mortall in his pride;
He takes no glory, for to blow aside
The prosp'rous state of man; it is his badnesse,
That brings him miserie when he may have gladnesse:
If siane brings sorrow then, and blindnesse blowes,
Blame thy bad deeds (O man) they are thy foes.

(37)

What King can clip the flying wings of Time,
With all his Majestie? Although he climbe
Unto the top of Honour, can his Power
Stay swift-foot *Phæbus* chasing Steeds an houre,
To wait upon him? Or what Prince can say,
He bring to passe my purpose the next day?
Unless the Lord command these earthly things,
The least is higher then the reach of Kings.

(38)

The world shall passe away, and all therein
Shall be no more, as if they had not bin;
As if they never were, they all shall fade;
They all were moving since they first were made:
Each word of God is good, and there's no Clause
Of threatening ruine in those righteous Lawes.
To him that keeps those blest Commands, for he
Reward shall have unto eternitie.

(39) Why

(37)

(39)

Why weep'st thou then (O man) why doth thine eyes
Implore reliefe with warric obsequies?
Why dost thou teach thy heavie heart to mourne
In silent corners? why dost thou adorne
Thy Soule in sable weeds? why dost thou dresse
Thy selfe in sorrow, woe, and heavinesse?
Oh, why complainest thou? it is thy sin
Barres out thy joy, and bringerh judgements in.

(40)

Search ev'ry corner of thy selfe, sad Soule,
Trie all thy actions, let not darknesse roule
Thee in her lulling armes, but now imbrace
The glorious purchase of Heavens proffered grace;
Yet mourning Soule returne, yet sinner wake
From thy securitie; see, hie thee, take
Thy well-prepared venison, Heaven will stay,
And double blesse thee, ere he part away.

(41)

The Sunne being set, all mortals goe to rest,
Our sorrow rises, then each soule's possesse
With feare and horror, and each man complaines
Of mightie losses, and of little gaines;
We lift our hands to Heaven sometimes for aid,
We cast our eyes up when we are afraid;
But when doe Hearts, and Hands, and Eyes, agree
With Faith and Love, Truth and Sinceritie,

D 3

(42) Oh

(38)

(42)

Oh Sinne, my fatall Foe, how bad is gaine
Contracted from thee ? pleasure is but paine ;
How false is sinners joy ? their Mines are mosse,
Their worke is royle some, yet their labour's losse ;
Their blossome's blasted with a minutes breath,
Their light is darknesse, and their life is death :
Sinne doth destroy the glorious Soule, for why,
The Soule that sinneth shall be sure to die.

(43)

Ah me, how quickly doth this house of man
Decay ? his wayes are like a feathred fan,
Which way' reth with the wind, his strength & prime
Is wondrous weak, and his swift-posting time
Is very short : though sometimes he be high,
Like a tall Cedar, which doth dare the Skie,
And swelleth in his pride ; a little Rub
Of sicknesse makes the Cedar but a Shrub.

(44)

Where shall we hide us ? is there ne'r a mountaine
To o'r-shadow us ? or a pleasant fountaine
For tyred Soules to bathe in, while the Cloud
Of Thunder is blowne over ? may we shroud
Our Soules in no protection, while our teares
Shall wash our bosomes, and invite the eares
Of Heav'n to listen, that our cryes may be
Lodg'd in the Palace of Eternitie ?

(45)

Th' glory

(39)

(45)

Th' glory is departed, *Israells* Land is taken, *Jerusalem* is
Judas's hollow-hearted, therefore is forsaken;
And in the dust doth *Sions* honour lye,
To be a Proverb for the passers by:
Who is more slighted, and who more revild,
Then the bad Servant, or the stubborn Child,
If Heavens Children disobedient be,
Their sure reward is Earths indignitie.

(46)

The looks of Envie, and the mouth of Fame,
Act both their hatefull Parts, to wound and shame
Our Soules: Oh this unwelcome howre!
Why is our glory in th' enemies powre?
And what can we expect from these our foes,
But wry-mouth'd slander, slaverie, and blowes?
Oh Lord deliver us from th' enemies hand,
And blast their malice with a counter-mand.

(47)

May not the first suffice; Feare, and a Snare,
Alas, it is enough; what mortall dare
Challenge a single Duel with these here?
Feare brings a Snare, and Snares begetteth Feare;
The next is Hate, and Ruine, and these be
The foure Contrivers of our Tragedies:
Lord strike the Epilogue, and change the Stage,
And make a Golden of our Iron Age.

D 4

(48) As

(46)

(47)

As when *Apollo* doth his glory shroud
Behind the Curtaine of some darkned Cloud,
The Ayre, lamenting *Phœbus* absence, pourses
Upon the Earth some drops of weeping showres;
Thus doth our Sunne set, and our sorrowes rise,
Darkning the light of our benighted eyes,
And makes our floud-gates send forth showrie streames,
For the sad losse of Heav'ns illustrious beames.

(49)

Will not the Heavens cleare, and will the Day
Ne'r break these chaines of Night, and come away?
Why doth this Cypresse Girdle often bind
The circled world? Ah, are we still confin'd
To sit in these darke shadowes? Must our teares
Be still as constant as our nightly feares?
Our eyes are Springs, whose streams can never stay,
Rise sweet-fac'd *Phœbus*, rise, and bring the Day.

(50)

Although my heavie heart be thus oppress'd,
Although my tott'ring soule be kept from rest,
Although mine eyes with looking up are blind,
Although my miserie hath o'rwhelm'd my mind;
Yet, Lord, cast but a splendour from thy Throne,
My heart shall cease to grieve, my soule to groane;
Mine heart, my mind, my tongue, and memorie,
Shall all in one set forth thy Majestie.

(51)

(51) The

(41)

(51)

The eye is but the prospect of the heart,
A little member, yet it doth take part
Of ev'ry sorrow, and our inward grieve
The eye relenting, doth implore belife:
The heart is hid, so are our secret feares,
But the eye shewes them with its gushing teares;
What my still troubles are, mine eyes doe speake,
And were it not for teares, my heart would breake.

(52)

Run not so fast, O ye my following Foes,
Let me a little breathe betweene your blowes;
Strike not so thick on my disarmed head,
Let not your cruell hate so farre be led,
To bring me as a Bird into Deaths snare;
Let me have freedome, howsoe'r I fate:
Let me but serve my God in his high Hill,
And doe your worst, my Foes, doe what you will.

(53)

Pride and Presumption did me once committ
To the low Dungeon, where my soule did sit
Involved in darknesse, and cold clay,
Not making difference 'twixt the night and day;
And on the mouth of which they cast a stone,
To keepe me sure; or fearing that my moane
Should reach the eares of Heaven, thus their doome
Interr'd and layd me in Earths hollow'd wombe.

(54) Th'asp

(42)

(54)

Th'aspiring surges of the swelling Ocean,
(That sometimes kille the Clouds) whose motion
Is back with Thunder; Ship and men
First tost up toward Heaven, then agen
They come as swiftly downward to the briake;
Sometimes they soare aloft, and sometimes sinke;
Sometimes my Faith did blow a pleasant gale,
Till I was sinking, then my Faith did faile.

(55)

Out of the bowels of Earths hollow'd Wombe
I sometimes whisper'd; Ah, is this my Tombe?
Am I interr'd in Earth? and am I sent
To lye for ever in this Monument?
Ah, hath the Lord forgot his grace? and why
Doth wrath so long lodge in th'Almighties eye?
Breathe joy to my sad Soule, dear Lord, thy breath
Gives light in darknesse, and a life in death.

(56)

How unbelieving is the heart of man?
How base and fearefull, and how vaine? who can
Know the delusions that are lodged there?
How farre from Faith, how full of slavish feare,
My Soule can witness? Lord, thou hear'st my crie,
What need I then use this tautologic?
But that it strengthneth Faith, which would decay;
The more thou promise'st, the more we'll pray.

(57)

(57) Love,

(43)

(57)

Love, Power, and Feare did all at once agree,
In a low heart to make a harmonie:
First, Love doth cloath the Soule with sweetnesse, and
Heav'n gives base Earth a pow'rfull countermand,
And therefore riseth as a Lion strong,
And thus proclaimes; Who dares to offer wrong
To this most am'rous Soule, while Heav'n is here
Blest is the heart, where dwels Love, Powe, and Feare.

(58)

The valiant Champion, whose deeds may claime
A share of Honour, and the breath of Fame,
His Truth and Valour hath no other Lawes,
For the defending of the weaker Cause,
But love to Faith and Vertue; even thus
Heav'n makes his Name on Earth most glorious,
By blowing of our dangers, and our harme,
With power, and wonder, from his Warlike Arme.

(59)

My Lord, I'm wrong'd, th' accused Prisoner cries;
Th' Indictment's false, th' envious Witness lyes;
You know, my Lord, the man tells nothing true,
I will appeale to Heaven and to you;
Yet may the blinded Judge, against the Lawes,
Hang the poore Prisoner, and condemn his Cause;
But, Lord, thou art a Witness of our state,
Our Judge, our Father, Friend, and Advocate.

(60) Rocks

(44)

(60)

Rocks cannot save thee, nor high mountaines hide thee,
Seas will not have thee, nor the Earth abide thee,
Day nor adorne thee, darknesse nor protect thee,
Thy foes will soone thee, and thy friends reject thee;
Night cannot hide thy black-mouth'd malice, nay,
Thy mistie mid-night's like the midst of day;
And if the glorious day shall shew my wrong,
It is not long to day, it is not long.

(61)

And as the dazling beames of Heav'ns bright eye,
Rising aloft in his high Majestie,
Discov'reth all disasters which are hurld
With shades of darknesse in the mantled world;
Ev'n so, my God, thy piercing eye, thine care,
Is quick in seeing, and most swift to heare,
Thou seest their consultations; judge my Cause
By the true tenor of thy righteous Lawes.

(62)

Ah foolish enemy, why dost thou wrong
Thy silly selfe? I know, thy envious tongue
Would poyson those whose actions God doth love,
But they this piece of hatred are above;
Thy plots or black compliyancc (O thou Drone)
What needst thou whisper, when thy heart is known?
But yet goe on, thou shalt not lose thy hire
In th' infernall Lake of furious fire.

and E (ad)

(63) Doth

(43)

(63)

Doth mirth become a foole? it is not fit
They should be merry that have got no wit
Did I say wit? 'tis wisdom that I meane;
There may be wit where wisdom ne'r was scene:
If wisdom were with wit, their Songs would be
Not drest with Lines of non-sence Poetrie:
Sing on vaine Drunkards, laugh, your merry jests
I doubt will change, there is a time for rest.

(64)

Reward of good, is glory; and the hire
Of Satans instruments, is endlesse fire;
His worke being done on Earth, he shall commence
In never-dying flames, Hels recompence:
Strike them with dreadfull thunder, Lord, and flashes
Of fearefull Lightning; lay on thy lashes
Upon their naked shoulders, let them see
Thy wrath pursues them to eternitie.

(65)

And since they would thy Precepts disdainfully,
Lord make them stupid, let their braines be dull,
Let them not see where Truth and Error lyes;
Give them a deafned eare, and blinded eyes,
Give them a sinking soule, that may soone fall,
Make it erroneous, hard, and obstinant;
O make their memory loath'd, when they shall see
From the worlds prospect, like an evening shade.

(66) Thre

(46)

(66)

Three Acts are past along our bloudie Stage,
And there is two to come, our mournfull Age
Is a sad president to all eyes; O may
Our enemies fall fill up the following Play:
Now let our enemies act their dismall part,
Let each foe strike his fellow to the heart,
So let them dye; Lord blast them, let them be
The Epilogue of our sad Tragedie.

CONTEMPLATION III.

WHat meanes the Joy that Worldlings take on Earth,
Triumphing in false Glory, and vaine Mirth?
Why are their faces drest with flourish smiles
Of joviall merriment, and yet the whiles
Their soules doe sinke with sorrow? Can they beare
The checks of Conscience with so little care?
What? is the Soule asleepe, while mortalls act
Their merry Comedies, while they contract
Guilt on th' accused Conscience, while they lye
Rockt in securitie, with this Lullaby?

What meanes the prosperous pompe of such a Blade,
Whose earthly honour may a while perswade
The world there is no God; the sinners state
Such alway flourish, and is fortunate?

Hee's deckt with antick Robes of the best fashion,
 He blasphemes Heav'n in each Recreation:
 Looke on the wretch; he hath all earthly glories,
 Brave Buildings, stately Works, Heroick Stories,
 Wrought with laborious Needles, where the hand
 Of curious Art doth give a countermand
 To the worlds ignorance; while Natures eye
 In looking, prayteth Ingenuitie.
 He hath both wealth and wit, a warlike arme
 That's strong and valiant, oft in offering harme,
 High honour, great advancement, prayle of men,
 And love of Ladies, which are offered when
 The man is full of Money: thus he walkes
 In his vain-glory, and he alwayes talks
 Of great affaires; his Honour doth desie
 To tell the Truth, and yet he hates the Lie
 Should be returned on him, while his face
 Is a red embleme of sinnes black disgrace.
 Vile wretch, how safe thou art, while Conscience
 Doth lye intomb'd in obscuritie?

There is a time for flames, or else for feares,
 A time for torments, or a time for teares.
 Retire into thy Closet, take thy Pen,
 Goe muse on the mortalitie of men,
 Write the disasters that attend the Crowne
 Of earthly Royaltie; goe thou wretch, sit downe
 In thy retired Chamber halfe a day,
 Let Conscience speak, and Conscience thus wil say:

Ah man, obdurate man, why wast thou borne
 Into the world, or why did Heav'n adorne
 Thy Soule with immortalitie? why did Love,
 Whose rare transcendencie is farre above
 The worlds desert, or reason, ever stretch
 Those sweet imbraces to sinners wretch,
 To so deform'd a wretch as thou? O wretch, how
 Didst thou deserve it, blinded sinner, say?

What

What canst thou answer me, proud mortall, why
 Thou shouldst not have thy judgement now to die?
 What art thou, feeble Earth? a little dust;
 What's Beauties blossome? it will quickly rust;
 What is this spacious Universe, but a Theame?
 What is mans dignitie, but an idle Dreame?
 What is thy wealth? a weather-cock of woe;
 And what is honour, but mans overthrow?
 And what are all thy friends? they passe away
 Like short-liv'd Actors in a Tragick Play:
 Friends, wealth, wit, honour, beautie, have no power
 To save thee from the King of feares one houre.

Bid now farewell unto those houres, whose strife
 With thristlesse joy hath spun a wearie life,
 A life of vanitie, whose very name
 Masketh the ornaments of Vertues fame;
 Yet dearest soule returne, yet hearken to me,
 Yet be thou mindfull of eternitie;
 Yet heare poore Conscience speak, since time almost
 Hath run his swift-foot houres, and thou art lost:
 Did I say lost? Ah, Soule, th'rt happie then,
 If Earth could hide thee in her darkned Den:
 If thou wert lost indeed from Heav'ns bright eye,
 If Death could shade thee in obscuritie;
 If Earth, and Sea, and Hell, and Death should winde thee,
 In their dark shadows, yet thy Judge would finde thee.

And then, Oh then, the sinner being found,
 How will the eyes of the Almighty wound
 Thy now condemned Soule? while thou before
 The high Tribunall howling, shalt implore
 Some Rock to over-shadow thee, yet deny'd
 That slender shelter; how wilt thou abide
 Before the dreadfull Throne, from whence shall come
 Thy damned Sentence of eternall Doome?
 And is this all? No; then thou shalt retire
 To never-quenched flames of furious fire,

Whose

Whose everlasting fuell shall extend
 To all eternitie, and never end.
 In Hells darke, hideous, and hollow Vault,
 (Where soules converse with fiends) for ev'ry fault
 There is a sev'ral plague: Gluttons are fed
 With scalding Lead and Brimstone; and the dead
 Besotted Drunkard, as he ev'ry day
 Drunke Healths to Hell, to passe the time away,
 So in eternall torment, endlesse toyle,
 His throat is washt with quaffes of burning oyle:
 The stubborn Child the wrathfull Furies hold,

with long-tormenting lashes;

Th'Usurer drinks whole Draughts of molten Gold;
 And there the cruell Murderer doth lye,
 Alwayes a stabbing, yet can never dye:
 There lyes the Wanton, who Loves fire did feele,
 Stretcht upon tort'ring racks of burning Steele;
 Heat by eternall flames, blowne with the breaths
 Of thousand thousands never-dying deaths.

Then dearest Soule repent, 'tis not too late
 To beg for mercie, that most glorious Gate
 Is seldome shut; come spend thy after-years;
 If thou hast any, in repenting teares;
 In true repenting teares bathe oft thy brest,
 Let not thy slumber lull thee to thy rest,
 Till thou hast got a pardon: dost thou know,
 How highly glorious is th'overthrow
 Of Sinne, and Death, and Hell? what royall favour
 Is in the lovely eyes of such a Saviour?
 What chaste imbraces, and what sweet communion
 What rare discoveries, what ravisht union
 What present providence from Barths annoyes
 What after-evidence of endlesse joyes?
 What wise directions through threatening harmes
 What safe protections in th'Almightie Armes
 Of such a blessed Saviour, whose love
 Gives health in sickness, and a life in death?

And this would change thee, sinner; this, ev'n this
 Would turne thy Closet to a Paradise :
 This sweet Repentance would adorne thy face
 With Heavens amours, and with blushing grace
 For thy fore-past Rebellion; this would give
 A learned President, how thou mightst live
 To reigne in endlesse glory; this would trie,
 If thou dost live before thou com'st to die.

Reade this third Chapter, mark but who they be
 That Heaven exposeth to calamitie;
 The Prophet here cryes out, I am the man
 Whose back is gall'd with lashes, therefore can
 Another looke for safetie? Shall Heavens Child
 Be lost, be lasht, rejected, and revil'd
 Of the worlds Peacocks; and shalt not thou,
 A sinner, feele the furrowes of his brow.
 See how their Land's defac'd, their Wives defil'd,
 How Famine kills, and brings the hungry Child
 To his untimely grave, whose friends are lost;
 Virgins are raviisht, new-borne Infants tost
 Upon the souldiers Speares, the women ript
 Up great with Child, and so the Babe is stript
 From th' Bed of his Creation: Elders lyes
 Having Deaths prospect in their aged eyes,
 Embracing lowly Earth with teares, to crave
 A little favour to finde out their Grave.
 See while their Citie burnes, their eyes are drown'd
 In streames of flowing teares; they doe abound
 In fulnesse, yet have want: oh, aske not why;
 They long for life, and yet they wish to die;
 The tenderest love is mixt now with hate;
 They're full of people, yet are desolate;
 They have some pleasure, yet it is but paine;
 Their gaine is losse, and yet their losse is gaine.

For, from the thirtie Verse of this third Chapter,
 Our eares sometimes may drinke a heav'nly rapture

From the harmonious Spheres, which even then
 Dropt downe these Elegies from the Prophets pen,
 And tells the world, that Heav'n takes no delight
 To over-terne a mortall from his right
 On Earth; it is his wicked sinfull wayes,
 That brings in Death, to cut his short-liv'd dayes:
 Thus Love is mixt with anger, sweets with sowre,
 Joy midst of sorrow, weaknesse matcht with powre;
 Honey is mingled with our poyson'd gall,
 Love with our Lashers; Love's the cause of all.
 Love's in our labour, Love is in our losse;
 Love weares the Crowne, and Love must beare the Crosse;
 Love makes our Union, Love's in our division;
 Love's our direction, Love's in our derision;
 Love's in prosperitie, Loves in disaster;
 Love is our servant, and yet Love's our Master;
 Love seemes to be a foe, yet Love's a friend;
 Love did begin our woes, and Love will end
 Our dismall dangers; Love commenc'd the fray,
 And Love will turne our Night to shining Day.
 Our Land had been too too unfortunate,
 Like ruin'd *Sion*, but that Love doth wait
 Upon the hand of Justice, and is Crown'd;
 Love gives a Salve, when Justice gives a Wound.

What need we then grudge at Calamitie?
 What is Mortalitie to Eternitie?
 Since our best actions are but gilded ayre,
 And words are wav'ring winde: is it so rare
 For us to suffer trouble? doe we merit
 With our Rebellion? that we should inherie
 The Palace of high Glory, and not thinke
 That Mercies eyes will shut? Love sometimes winks,
 To trie our purchas'd Graces, and to know
 Our best of carriage in the worst of woe.

But what's the cause then, that the Prophet here,
 In the tumultuous stormes of trembling feare,

Doth pray against his foes ? what, is it well,
 To crie our worst of enemies downe to Hell ?
 Yea, it is well ; not as they are to us,
 Disquiet, hatefull, base, malicious;
 For here, in stead of foes, they are our friends,
 While they conduct us to our journeyes ends
 The best and neereft way ; and then our brest
 Doth more imbrace that undisturbed rest,
 In swelling soft eternitie ; beside,
 Our strength of faith could not so well be try'd
 As by the force of envie : but as he
 Which is our foe is Heavens enemy,
 We ought to beg for his soone dissolution,
 For his conversion, or for his confusion,

Even so let them all perish, let each foe,
 O Lord, be dash't with one, one finall blow
 From thine Almighty Arme : as thou hast made
 Them moving shadowes, so, much like a shade
 Let them soone vanish ; let thine enemies die,
 And be forgot, like their loath'd memorie.
 And then, oh then, when the world shall behold
 The Drosse is purged from the purest Gold,
 Which once was intermingled, then each knee
 Shall bow unto thy sacred Majestie
 With lowly adoration, and thy Name
 Shall be exalted with eternall fame ;
 And with a low incomparable grace,
 Thy Saints shall sing in thy most holy place
 Those ravisht *Hallelujahs* ; though we here
 Doe bathe our silent bosomes with a teare.

CHAP. IV.

Verse 1.

How dull's the finest Gold? how quickly dim
 Is the bright Glory of that Diadem
 That once adorn'd *Jerusalem's* Browes in State?
 Where is the King, the Priest, and Potentate?
 Her Priests do faint, and in each corner swound;
 Those orient Pearles are scatt' red on the ground,
 As if they were most needleffe, high and low
 Doe all fall blasted, to compleat our woe.

(2)

Where are those Noble Worthies Fame presents,
 Sonnes of high honour, Natures ornaments,
 And *Sions* glory; in whose serious eye
 Knowledge was seated in high Majestie,
 To judge each loose offender? Ah me! may
 Such Clouds of Thunder now be Clods of Clay?
 Can the high Potter make such Vessels poore?
 Away vaine honour, and delude no more,

(54)

(3)

Is Love and Nature banisht and exil'd?
Can the fond Mother once forget her Child?
She can, and will, she does: Oh wondrous strange!
How doth the Glory of *Jerusalem* change?
The carelesse Ostridge, and the swinish Bore,
The poy's'nous Dragon, and the Lyons rore
For lack of feed, yet give their young the brest,
But Famine lulls these Babes to endlesse rest.

(4)

Alas, poore Babe, why doth thy dying soule
Strive to live longer, and thy heart controule
Deaths summons to the grave, whose ashie hand
Shall passe thy soule into the promis'd Land?
His tongue is parcht with thirst, he cannot speake,
He would implore some Bread, but none wil breake
It to his pining soule; at last his eye
Is clos'd, in slumbring endlesse Lullaby.

(5)

How is our labour Alchymiz'd to losse?
How is our Gold and Silver turn'd to drosse?
How is our Beautie metamorphos'd? how
Doth furious Famine furrow up our brow?
He that did feed in Silver, dranke in Gold,
Now starv'd for hunger, almost pin'd with Cold;
And she that once could boast of honor'd birth,
Lyes now imbracing of her Mother Earth.

(6) And

(55)

(6)

And is there not a Cause, oh wretched wee,
That we are follow'd with Calamitie?
Are not our finnes more great then *Sodomes* Cryes,
Which pierc'd the Ayre, and fill'd the Azure Skyes
With Clouds of dreadfull Thunder? Goods and Names,
In the descending and aspiring flames,
Were burnt to ashes in a hastie howre,
By the Almightyes unresisted powre.

(7)

Those comely *Nazarites*, whose lovely faces
Resembled Snow, inrich with am'rous graces
Of uncontrouled Love, and were more red
Then polish'd Saphir, on whose hoarie head
Were threds of tangled Gold in stead of haire,
Where Love united Art, Neglect, and Care;
Love, Art, and Beautie, Honour, Grace, and Wit,
Were the indowments of a *Nazarite*.

(8)

How quickly are they blasted? even now
Deformitie hangs lurking on that brow,
That was a while so faire, now black as coales,
Pin'd with the anguish of their hungry soules;
Love is deformed, Grace is unregarded,
Wisdom despised, Honour unrewarded,
Their skin is with' red; now the *Nazarite* he
Is a black embleme of Deformitie.

E 4

(9) There

(96)

(9)

There are degrees in Death, yet all doe tend
To usher man unto his journeyes end :
Some die for love, and some by hate doe die;
Some end their dayes through pining povertie,
And some by too much riches : some, the Sword
Doth part in sunder ; others, by a word
Receive their Deaths alarum : all must fall,
But Death by Famine is the worst of all.

(10)

A Feast is made for mirth, but mourners shall
Attend our Banquet to our Funerall,
And see the tender Mother, full of feares,
Bathing her Infant with her watic teares ;
Yet must she kill the prettie harmelesse Dove,
The Lawes of Famine blot the Line of Love :
Go sweet-fac'd Babe, this feast was not for laughter,
Thou go'st before, thy Parents follow after.

(11)

Come, let's be sad, O *Sion*, let our eyes
Pumpe flouds of teares, to drowne this sacrifice
Of indignation, lest th' aspiring flames
Lick up our Kingdome, and consume our names ;
The Sword doth range, and now the fire doth climbe
To meet the Starres, and scorch the wings of Time;
The proudest Pinacle, and the highest Towre,
Is farre too weake to grapple with their Powre,

(12) Come,

(57)

(12)

Come, let's be sad, Oh *Sion*, while our teares
Confute the Nations that were full of jeeres:
Why was the darkned world so blinded? why
Did the proud King thinke Heav'n would falsifie?
Why would you not believe, that the high hand
Of pow'rfull *Babylon* should take our Land?
Know now, vaine mortals, Heav'n's not like to you,
For he is faithfull, holy, just, and true.

(13)

Oh sinner, now hast thou drawne thy Curtain round
The darkned world? and how are mortals drown'd
In thy inchanting streames? the Prophet lyes,
The Priests are foolish that are counted wise,
The wise and hardie sinners courage cooles,
And those are wisest that are counted fooles:
Ev'n the just man, although he suffer here,
The day of his Redemption draweth neere.

(14)

Have you beheld the blind, with what a pace
He walks along, guarding his tender face
And body with his staffe, for feare of hurt,
And yet at last he tumbleth in the durt?
Thus blind men wandred, and for want of eyes
They tumble in the bloudie sacrifice
Of many a bleeding body, which by hate
Were hurt and slaine, poore, vile, unfortunate.

(15) Depart

(58)

(15)

Depart, polluted *Israel*, cry the foes, depart
From *Sions* territories ; set not your heart
Upon her glory, that so quickly dyes ;
Your feet, your hands, and your unhallowed eyes
Are too unholy ; now no prayers will pierce
Th' eares of Heaven, the spacious Universe
Will give you no prosperitie ; for why,
Sinne is the cause that makes mans glory die.

(16)

Dare man, that feeble Worme, and transitorie
Forgotten Dreame, thinke it a piece of glory,
To warre against th' Almighty? Can he make
The Earth to tremble, or by Power shake
The fabrick of the World, or blast the name
Of the proud enemy, in their height of fame?
But as you have begun your mischief, so
The Lord shall make an end, presumptious foe.

(17)

How blind are our vaine eyes with folly? Can
There be a certaine help from helpelesse man?
We thought th' *Egyptians* Armie sure would save
Our starved bodies from the hungry grave,
But they were weake; and now our foes assaile us,
Our foes offend us, and our friends doe faile us:
Can any mortall save himselfe from harme?
Put then no trust (O man) in thy weake arme.

Like

(59)

(18)

Like tyred Harts we are insnared round
With light-foot Hunters, and the following Hound,
And now our tyred soules, for lack of breath,
Yield themselves pris'ners to pursuing Death:
Our Sunne is set, the laboring sands are run
From Times swift Hower-glasse, our Day is done:
Tis done indeed, Time alwayes did attend us,
Time did begin us, therefore Time must end us,

(19)

The loftie Eagle, in his high Carriere,
Aspires to touch the starrie Hemisphere,
And in his height of pride, he faine would be
Inheriter of *Luna's* Canopie;
Eagles are not so swift, to make their way
Through the light Ayre, as is this Ball of Clay,
This uncollected man, whose hate doth meet
My wandring foot-steps in the desolate street.

(20)

The King, our Royall King, our very breath,
Was a sad offering, sacrific'd to death,
Whose down-fall sinkes our soules; yet what was he,
But a weake embleme of mortalitie?
His dignitie a dreame, his honour fades
Like morning shadowes, or the ev'ning shades;
Hath Wealth, Health, Honor, and Preferment wings?
So have their hopes, that put their trust in Kings.

(21) And

(60)

(21)

And now, Oh *Edom*, joy falls thick on joy
On thy poore selfe; our torments were a toy
To thee: laugh on, or rather learne to weepe
Thy soule in sorrow, teach thine eyes to weepe:
O Land of *Uz*, the Cup comes o'r to thee,
The Cup of Poyson and Calamitie;
The world, the *Edom* which did ring thy name,
Shall see the sorrow of a sinners shame.

(22)

But, gentle *Sion*, now the Heav'ns are cleare,
The morning riseth, and thy darkned seate
Is set, the glorious lustre of Heav'ns eye
Disperseth darknesse from th'Orient Skie:
Our Woe is past, but *Edom* next must be
Our following fellowes to Captivitie;
Whose sad destruction to the world will show
A second mourning Monument of Woe.

CON-

CONTEMPLATION IV.

HOW Orient is bright *Phæbus* in each Ray,
 Promising the glory of a Sun-shine Day
 In some bright new-borne Morning? but ere he
 Aspires the height of Heavens Canopie,
 O'r-rid in highest Noone, his beautie shrouds
 It selfe in sable Curtaines of darke Clouds,
 The Heavens now looke angry, and the Aire,
 That was so calme, so cleare, so pleasant, faire,
 Is drest with horrid darknesse, while in sunder
 The Spheres do seem to rend with claps of thunder,
 And dreadfull fire flashes, which doe flie
 More swift then thought along the darkned Skie.
 Ah world! thus various art thou, and thus strange?
 Thus apt to alter, and thus apt to change?
 Thus oft dost promise, and more oft dost breake,
 While thou pretendest power, and yet art weak?
 Sometimes thou hast a Smile, sometimes a Frowne;
 Sometimes thou sett'st us up, then pull'st us downe;
 Sometimes th'Heavens are cleare, and sometimes darke,
 The Morning calme, yet in th'Evening heake
 What showres and dreadfull thunder-cracks there be,
 Ere *Phæbus* cooles him in the Westerne Sea:
 Sometimes we have our health, and ease; then, oh,
 A little sicknesse brings us wondrous low;
 Sometimes w'have wealth, and then our winged store,
 Like Hawkes, flye from our fist, and we are poore

In a short moment; sorrow comes too soone
 Upon the back of joy, and like the Moone
 We varie: sometimes Love makes Envie cease,
 Sometimes we live in Warre, sometimes in Peace;
 We rise aloft, we aspire, we sit on high,
 Then we descend, de cease, lye downe and die.
 The often changing of the various weather,
 Is a true embleme; whither wilt thou, whither,
 O Earth, conduct us? but, me thinkes, our eye
 Knowes too too well thy various vanitie.

And for our president, poore *Sions* losse
 Will teach us well, their Gold was turn'd to drosse,
 Their precious stones to pebles, and their place
 A ruin'd heape, their honour to disgrace;
 Their fulnesse now is Famine, and their Soyle
 Is barren too, their pleasure is a spoyle;
 Their beautie is deformitie, their power
 Is weake, and in few waste and flying houres
 The hope of Earths eternitie's cut off,
 The Land is lost, the Kingdome is a scoffe
 To the wide Universe, their Comedie
 Is metamorphos'd to a Tragedie,
 Their highest dignitie is disregarded,
 Their wisdoms slighted, honour unrewarded.

What Nation fought with greater braverie
 Then warlike *Isr'el*, which their foes slaverie
 Could often manifest? what Valour might
 Be matcht to theirs, while in each bloudie fight
 Each long'd to be the formost, to ingage?
 A troupe of Lyons in their rampant rage,
 Was a poore figure of their noble hearts,
 While Heav'n was darkned with those numerous darts
 That flew along the Ayre, backt with the breath
 Of Furie, and each Arrow ript with Death.
 There might you heare the wounded Heathens crie
 To their false gods, while that the blushing Skie

Did eccho their imploremēt, th' Earth being hid
 With heaps of murthered Heathens; here a head
 Lyes tumbling, while the base unworthy braine
 Is found too foolish to be knit againe
 Unto the forlorne shoulders, or complice
 In any Plot, or trecherous Villanie.

Not farre from that, there lyes a Hand and Arme,
 With signes of peace, too feeble for a harme
 Against poore *Sion*; there a Leg doth lye,
 Which should have serv'd his Master for to flye
 To some strong Rock of Refuge; now the day
 Hath crost his speed, he cannot run away:
 There was brave Gallantry in *Israels* eye,
 Each strove with honour who the first should dye;
 Fighting on heapes of their bemangled foes,
 They made renowne to wait upon their blowes;
 Where in the Clouds of Darts, with winged speed
 Death gallop'd through the Armies with a Reed,
 To measure out the Graves of them which hee
 Had sent to wander to eternitie.

Thus valiant *Israel*, who now doth yield,
 Hath slaine their threescore thousand in a field;
 While Heav'n did lead them, then high *Isr'els* name
 Rode on the wings of everlasting fame;
 The Starres did light in order, and the Moone
 Stood still, and in the very height of Noone
 Swift *Phœbus* did his fireie Horses stay
 From their Careere, and length'ned out the day,
 To see those games of Death play'd, where each blow
 Fore-told the enemy of his overthrow.

But where's that Valour now that Royaltie
 So quickly turn'd into Captivitie?
 What, slav'd themselves to slaves, to serve ev'n them
 Which once were servants to *Jerusalem*?
 What, must their Crowne be vail'd? must they goe downe,
 While Heathens arch their temples with their Crowne.

And they subdued by the Conquered,
 And must the blind man by the blind be led?
 If this be true, this Motto then makes knowne,
 Thy power was Heavens (*Sion*) not thine owne;
 And hadst thou been obedient to his will,
 Thy warlike arme might have subdued still
 Those thy unconquer'd foes: then, like a Bride,
 Heaven would have guarded, lov'd, and dignifi'd
 His owne peculiar people; then his Arme
 Would have imbrac'd thee, and have banisht harme
 From these thy ruin'd Borders; then his Eye
 Had lov'd thee with Celestiall jealousy.

Ah, holy Land, if thou wert ruin'd thus,
 How shall we fare, what shall become of us?
 If thou wert smitten, as the Prophets pen
 Doth manifest, we monuments of men,
 Drunke with the wine of folly, how shall we
 Escape from a more dolesome Tragedie?

I often reade, *Israel* was of one minde,
 But *Englands* wayes are wav'ring, like the winde;
Israel was circumspect, and serious,
 But *England* blinde, unconstant, various:
 Their Armies fought like one, one armed man,
 We numerous multitudes of Divisions; can
 We looke for peace in this distracted mould,
 Not knowing who to helpe, nor where to hold.
 The Citizens implore the Armies may
 Disband, the valiant Souldier askes his pay
 Ere he layes downe; some foolish fellows fling
 Libels abroad, of Loyaltie to the King;
 But it is false: alas, their wicked aime
 Is to involve the Citie in a flame.
 A fourth Contriver, with his shallow crowne,
 Holds fast to pull the two Assemblies downe;
 He rayles against the Peeres and Commons too,
 Reviles them all, yet cannot tell you who

It is that doth disturbe him: others chat
 Against Divines, yet cannot tell for what;
 Another he would have new Members chose,
 And yet he knowes no ill by none of those;
 The rest would have a new *Militia* hold,
 Yet can they finde no fault against the old:
 Thus, in their various mindes, and mutinies,
 The people fall to Contrarieties.
 The poore would have Meat at a lower rate,
 But that the Farmers and the Butchers hate
 Should ever take effect: Some thinke, that Beere
 Is brew'd too small, and that 'tis sold too deere:
 But him the Victualler doth soone advise
 To be content, because they pay Excise.
 Another sayes, did not the rich men sweepe
 Up all the Cloth, Clothes would be better cheape;
 And him the Clothier presently perswades,
 Wer't not for these, they could not keepe their Trades.
 The Courtier he doth out of zeale desie
 The Parliament, sweares he's for's Majestie;
 One cryes him up, another cryes him downe;
 A third would have the Prince to wear the Crowne;
 A fourth will none of that, sayes 'tis a thing
 Not needfull, that there should be any King.
 The *Separate* rayles at all the Priests attendants,
 The *Presbyterian* checks the *Independants*:
 Alas, sayes one, how could we ever looke
 For better times, since that the holy *Booke*
 Of *Common Prayer* went down? then those that went
 But for a *Token*, had the *Sacrament*:
 What, are we wiser then our Fathers? they
 Without the *Service-Booke* would never pray,
 But now this fellow's silenc'd by another,
 That thinks he's somewhat wiser then the other:
 Quoth he, what difference twixt the Church and Stable?
 The *Service-Booke* was most abominable,

A Librarie sent from *Rome*, wherein was't rare,
 They pray'd for foule weather when we should have faire :
 And why is humane Learning thus affected ?
 The *Scribes* and *Pharises* they were neglected
 By our deare Saviour, he cast lovely eyes
 Upon the simple; and refus'd the wise.

And thus, good Reader, there is no confusion
 Like that, which hath such strong delusion
 Of liking and disliking; some dispraise
 The man, whom others would have Fortune raise
 To high preferment : Ah, what hath our Lands,
 But double tongues, false hearts, divided hands,
 And a distracted braine; a poy's'nous breath
 Of Envie, and a life expecting death,
 Or death in midst of life ? oh, why are wee
 The onely Monuments of Miseric ?

Most blessed Faith and Love, you never varie
 From your first blessednesse, nor act contrarie
 Unto your blessed Natures from above,
 Love does on Faith, and Faith ingendreth Love.
 O glorious God, thy Saints ne'r disagree
 In Heav'n, when they possesse high dignitie,
 Loves Banner is display'd about thy Throne,
 Thy holy Angels are no more then one :
 But man (oh that wretch man) is like th' Ocean,
 Who now is calme, and hath a gentle motion,
 And in a moment makes his billowes runne
 Aloft, and shoots his surges at the Sunne.
 And since Divisions to destructions tend,
 What followes ruin'd *England*, but her end ?
 Cease then, oh *England*, from this pirc of Pride,
 And end, oh, sad Divisions end beside
 Your selves; Earths Power, Device, and all
 The helpe of Hell can never worke our fall.

Come sweet-fac'd Vertue, come, and banish Vice;
 Come Union, make our Land Earths Paradise;

Come

Come Loves triumphant Lawes, and you shall be
 The Presidents of our Tranquillitie.
 You orient glitt'ring Pearles, that Earth count Toyes,
 Shew us some glances of Celestiall joyes,
 By Vertues raritie; Truth, Peace, and Love,
 You are those Sisters which doe dwell above,
 Archt in the highest Glory, are no lesse
 Then Royall Twins in matchlesse blessednesse.
 Oh, if our blacknesse may not blast your bloome,
 Or if our stamm'ring words may finde a roome
 In your most sacred cares, let Truth expell
 Those damned Errors that arise from Hell,
 And let harmonious Peace heale up our Skarre,
 And give a counter-mand to threatening Warre;
 And then the last and loveliest of the three,
 Let Beautie looke upon Deformitie,
 And make us like to you: oh, let our shame
 Love your blest memorie in immortall fame;
 And as you move in your harmonious Spheares,
 To guide our earthly bodies; let our teares
 Wash off Deformitie, which did annoy,
 Make us an embleme of Loves highest joy;
 Or else we shall (if not by you thus blest)
 Fine out those dayes we number to our rest.

CHAP. V.

Verse 1.

Remember, Lord, our evils, let them be
 Character'd in Gold, in thy blest Memorie,
 That lasting Register, that righteous Scroule;
 Conscience, Vice-royall to th'immorrall Soule,
 Shall stand to witnesse, while the sinner cryes
 To some vast mountaine, to eclipse his eyes
 From the Tribunall Throne; then, Lord, make roome
 For Furie, let th'enemie have his doome.

(2)

Our faire Inheritance, like a short Song,
 Is done, and gone, and thus we passe along;
 Like Times benighted Shadowes, so are we
 Tyred in pursuit of Earths Vanitie,
 Yes, Vanitie indeed: were it not thus,
 Why is the world so constant various?
 Why should our Houses, Vineyards, and our paine,
 Be cur intraged enemies present gaine,

(3) Our

(69)

(3)

Our dearest Fathers, in their honoured Age,
By Death were summon'd from Earths troubled Stage,
And now they slumber, now they rest, and lye
Rockt in Deaths Charlot, with soft Lullaby
Our tender Mothers having lost their Loves,
Mourne like th'amorous Widow'd Turtle-Doves,
And we their sonnes, who live in desolate Tents,
Are silent Ruines of their Monuments.

(4)

The pleasant Rivers, whose sweet crystill streames
Refresh't our soules with plentie, like the beames
Of orient *Phœbus*, when he makes his way
To cloathe all mortals with a Sun-shine day;
Yet these our Waters and our Wood is sold
By weight and measure for the price of Gold,
Nay, more then Gold, our Bondage, that may tell
Coyné with affliction hath no paralell.

(5)

The almost-tyred Horse would rest his Load
From his gall'd shoulders in the dustie Road,
But for the Driver, thus poore we would borrow
An inch of respite, for an age of sorrow:
We are as Horses to th' enemies yokes,
Laden with burthens, and pursu'd with strokes
Of our foes envie; now we know how blest
Is the rare royaltie of purchas'd Rest.

F 3

(6) What

(70)

(61)

What heapt-up Plentie had our flourishing Land
Once for to glory in, when her high hand
Was stretcht to other Nations in reliefe?
For wealth and honour she was counted chiefe
Among Earths Royall Princes; now even she,
Of late inthroned in Earths Majestic,
Is sold to *Egypt*, and to *Assur*, so
We earne our bread, to linger out our woe.

(7)

And it is just we should so, while that we
Live in knowne Folly and Iniquitie:
Our Fathers they have sinn'd, we bear their Names,
And their Rebellion, and why not their shames?
Our Fathers sinn'd, and dy'd, and are we better
Then our fore-fathers? was not man a debtor
Since th'old words Creation, by folly? why
Doth sinfull man then thinke so much to die?

(8)

What in the world is more accounted vaine,
Then servants for to rule, or fooles to raigne?
Over th'honour'd Age? even such are we,
While we are captiv'd to Captivitie:
Thus Earth is various, and mans renowne
Is but a Dreame, not worth the writing downe;
And if his glory be an idle Theame,
Who can expect realitie in a Dreame?

(9) Famine

(712)

(9)

Famine is feeble, yet the hungry soule
Is strong and valiant, and he dares controule
A thousand eminent dangers, if that he
May feed his hunger and necessitie:
Thus with the perill of our dearest breath,
We got our living in the spight of death,
In bondage, slavery, labour, toyle, and paine,
While the Sword randevouz'd upon the plaine.

(10)

Those Alabaſter bodies, whose rare faces
Were drest with ſweetneſſe, fit for th'imbraces
Of undefiled Love; now, now, alas,
Those flourishing flowers are but like the graſſe,
The with'ring dying graſſe, parcht up with heat,
Black as the Oven; thus for want of meat,
Poore *Sion* is deform'd with ſinne and ſhame,
While Warre and Famine hath eclips'd our fame.

(11)

Now wickedneſſe is ripe, now ſinne doth climbe,
Now Pride aſpireth to the wings of Time;
Now fire is kindled in th'Adulterers eye
With hideous flames, whose wandring ſparkles flye
To catch at ev'ry object which he may.
Shewing black impudence in height of day,
Deflowring Maidens, and defiling Wives,
They make their mem'rie ſink like their loath'd lives.

F 4

(12) The

(72)

(12)

The valiant Prince, whose Royaltie did shine
Through Clouds of Envy, now the foes combine
By Death to dim his Glory, and the head
Of the wise Elder is dishonoured:
Base Earth, these are thy gifts, and therefore wee
Dishonour Vertue, by our honouring thee;
Let thine owne servants love thee, which doe spend
Time in vaine folly, to an idle end.

(13)

How is illustrious *Sion* now declin'd
From her high Dignitie? her young men grinde
In the laborious Mill; the flower'd Age,
Whose strength and valour taught them to ingage
In fields of bloudie Warre, when the proud foe
Could often witness their owne overthrow,
Though now we are in woe, our Children crye
Under their heauey burthens, till they die.

(14)

Those Lawes are cancell'd too, which sometimes we
Did memorize in immortal memorie;
The holy Elder sits not in the Gate,
With Heav'ns authoritie, to predominate;
Our mirth is alcumiz'd to funeral Songs,
And like sad Elegies, to tell our wrongs
To other Nations, while our following teares
Feeds our sad eye-lids, as our mirth the eares.

(15) The

(73)

(15)

The royall Tones which sometimes was afforded
From the rare Instrument, whose strings recorded
A well-measur'd evennesse, whose sweet story
Emblem'd the harmonie of highest glory,
And Loves eternall joy; now all is gone,
Our Dance is ended, merriment is moane,
Our Musick metamorphos'd, and our mirth
Sings this sad Song; oh false deluding Earth,

(16)

Oh false deluding Earth, honour and pow'r,
And all thy glory, is as a swift-run howre,
Whose hastie minutes, whose laborious sand
Doth run to over-take the wandring hand
Of *Sols* beshadow'd Dyall; thus our Crowne
Of Earthly Royaltie, Time trampleth downe:
Woe to our soules that we have sinn'd, for why,
Sinne makes up miserie with mortalitie.

(17)

Therefore our hearts are sad, therefore our sleepe
Forfakes our eye-lids, therefore doe we weepe;
Therefore our soules are heavie, like a stone,
And our bath'd bosomes Monuments of moane,
Or Brazen Epitaphs, if such there be,
Which keepe the dead in lasting memorie;
Leave me a while, my teares bid me adue,
Mine eyes ere long shall doe as much for you.

F 5

(18) Be-

(74)

(18)

Because of the high mountaines which surround
The faire *Jerusalem*, my head is drown'd
With my tormenting teares ; that loftie Hill,
From which the Traveller might looke his fill
About the promis'd Land, when mid-day Sunne
Survey'd the circled word ; now Foxes runne
Upon those ruin'd Territories, which is
In spight of Envie the worlds Paradise.

(19)

But ah, why doe we murmur ? what, shall he
That is but Dust, dispose Eternitie
To his fond reasoning ? Lord, thou shalt remaine,
Although mortalitie be counted vaine,
And soone shall vanish, yet thou art for aye,
Thou art not mortall, as the sonnes of Day ;
And it thy Throne before all Time begun,
Then thou shalt rule when Times swift race is run.

(20)

Wherefore so soone dost thou forget us then ?
Or why so long are we, poore sonnes of men,
Forgotten of thee ? wherefore didst thou make us
A pleasant Paradise, and then forsake us ?
Can Soules stay here on Earth, when Death bereaves them ?
Can Bodies live, when once the Soule doth leave them ?
Can Mortals prosper then, when God doth dresse
His face with anger, and forgetfulnesse ?

(21) Turne

(75)

(21)

Turne us, O Lord, and we shall turne indeed;
And if thou turne us not, our Land may bleed
In after-Ages, since no pow'r at all
Is in fond man, since man at first did fall;
Renue those ancient dayes, that prosp'rous time,
When *Sion* once was seated in the prime
Of Princely Royaltie; why hast thou hurl'd
Deformitie on the glory of the world?

(22)

But ah, what solace can poore *Isr'el* spie
Within this darkned Orb, when Heav'ns bright eye
Is furrow'd up with frownies? if thou reject us,
What Land can save us, or what Arme protect us?
Oh, dearest Lord, how doth thine anger paine
Our fainting Soules? oh, how exceeding vaine
Is the worlds dignitie? alas, our yeares
Begun with troubles, and must end with teares.

CON-

CONTEMPLATION V.

O Ur lab'ring sands are run, yet Reader stay,
 There is an Epilogue to the Tragick Play,
 And it shall not be tedious; yet what he
 That dips his Pen in Divine Poetrie,
 And on so rare a Subject, but must spend
 Some wearie houres ere his Worke will end.

But ah, how dull is my dark *Genius* in this story?
 I doe but veile sweet Loves Celestiall Glory
 With a black Curtaine, while the holy Writ
 Is drest with Lines of my unworthy wit:
 Oh, I could rayle aloud at my dull Muse
 For this her ignorance; I could accuse
 My dulled Pen; my hand, that ere I tooke
 Such heav'nly Oracles, to make a Booke
 Of such poore valuation; and oft times
 In anger I could rend these idle Rimes
 In thousand pieces, for my Glasse is run,
 And I must end before I have begun.
 For should I now my Subject here define,
 Each line's a sentence, and each word a line
 In these high Oracles: but I doe wrong
 The Reader much, to keepe him off so long
 From the last Contemplation, which may smell
 Like costly Odours, some may like it well;
 Then pray, good Reader, that it may be blest,
 Something Ile shew thee, studie out the rest.

It was a Custome, when th' *Ancient* Kings
 Would aske an Oracle for weightie things
 Of god *Apolls*; they durst not presume,
 Without a Cloud of Smoake, and rich Perfume,
 To smother their Oblations, with their Crie
 To urge the eares of the deafe Deitie.
 These blinded Heathens have out-strip't us, they,
 Although they knew no God, would sometimes pray,
 When imminent dangers were ev'n at the dore,
 Each cry'd unto his god, each did implore
 Some help from unknown Powers; they would cast
 Their bodies on their knees, they'd mourn and fast,
 And yet could have no answer; all their paine
 Was labour lost, their gods themselves were vaine.
 But oh, deluded *England*, though thy knee
 Hath rockt dull man into a lethargie
 Of sensuall pleasures, and hast glut his sense
 In a fooles paradise of Earths evidences;
 Though we have slept in thy embracing armes,
 Dreaming of Heaven, till these numerous swarms
 Of feares did come and wake us; yet we know,
 We have a God, that with one sinall blow
 Can turne this spacious Universe aside,
 And blast Hells Princes in their height of pride,
 Yet doe but marke how farre we are behind
 The Heathen world, that were both deaf and blinde,
 Yea, dead in ignorance; we all can say,
 That prayer is prevalent, yet few doe pray,
 And fewer pray aright; few that can tell
 The truest way; few doe this dutie well,
 And those that doe it best, how slack they be
 Where is the man that prayeth constantly?

Yet what more comely, then this sweet devotion?
 Prayer is the wings that gives the Soule a motion
 To high eternitie, it is the hand
 That reacheth Clusters from the promised Land

Of sweet illustrious glory, it is the Armes
 That the Soule weares against insuing harmes;
 Prayer backt with Faith, is of farre greater force
 Then Warlike footmen o're the trampling Horse;
 It conquers mightie Armes, wins the field,
 Strengthens the weake, and makes the mightie yeld;
 Gives feet unto the lame, eyes to the blinde,
 Courage to Cowards, vertue to the minde,
 And honour for disgrace, Credit for shame,
 In stead of bad reports, a righteous Name;
 It gives us food, when Famine doth commence,
 It blunts the Sword, and stops the Pestilence;
 It gives the sick recov'rie of his health,
 And sends the poore man unexpected wealth;
 And what is more desired, who can tell?
 It open'th Heaven, and it conquers Hell;
 It makes the Buries tremble, makes them flee;
 To that low Vault of black eternitie,
 With all their Plots of mischief, which the Arts
 Of Fieards contriv'd, it blunts the fire darts
 Of Satan, and it gaines a Royall Crowne
 Of endlesse glory, and unmatched renowne:
 And when the Earth is drie, like parched Graine,
 It flies to Heaven, and it fetcheth Raine;
 And if the Corne be drown'd in water, then
 Prayer locks up those stormie showers againe:
 It calmes the swelling Ocean, and it tames
 The burning Fornace, and the fire flames;
 It stayes the Lyons force, without a wound
 It layes the foannes of Asah on the ground;
 It gives the tyred Soule a little breath,
 Gains immortallie, and conquers Death.
 And is it so? Then for our troubled Times
 Here is a Copie of Prophetick Rimes,
 That tells the world there is a Death at hand
 Unto the foes of Heaven, and our Land:

Mistake nor, Reader, if at all thou lack
 The sence hereof; this is no Almanack:
 I doe not speake an end of Englands Warres,
 By the strange motion of the wandring Starres,
 (Though it be plaine) it would not be so well,
 To write Predictions, or to paralell
 The wondrous course of Heaven, and each Starre;
 No, no, good Reader, 'tis no Kalender,
 For they may sometimes lye, but even you,
 Whom it concernes, shall finde this Booke is true.
 The holy Prophet with inspired skill
 Fore-told your Doome; he never us'd his Quill
 In vaine, what manere found the Prophet ly'd?
 He writ your Ruine, when he prophesy'd,
 And then he pray'd for't too; if prayer may
 Not worke your fall, why did the Prophet pray?

But to our Sceane, why are our foes so heartie
 In their darke deeds? there is a praying partie
 Waits at the gate of Heaven for a Scale,
 To binde the Furies up in burning Steele,
 And send the foes of Heav'n to travell on
 Fearefull *Cocytus*, and black *Phlegitan*,
 And the infernall *Styx*; then you shall share
 In endlesse torments of the Churches Prayer.
 Nay, you will know the price of Prayer, before
 That Death hath quite wip'd out Dame Natures Store;
 When your sick soules upon your lips shall sit,
 And Death shall 'rest you with a high Court Writ,
 And when thy feet and hands by Death are bound,
 And all about thee seeme to dance the Round,
 And when thy envious eyes are almost blinde,
 And when Hells horror hath possess'd thy minde
 With their tormenting teares, and when the Bell
 Shall tell thy tort'ring Conscience, that new Hell
 Is readie to receive thee; when the thing
 Thy couz'ned Soule did love, are on the wings

(80)

away; when they shall sell and pawn
their best up goods, and when the Curtaine's drawne,
And all thy friends shall leave thee, with a Crie,
And Death begins to close thy darkned eye.

How would thy Soule then prize one houre, to pray,
And give a thousand worlds, that Death would stay
His summons but a while, and let him speake
A word to Heaven, though his words be weake?

But now it is too late; alas, the eares
Of Heaven's shut, and neither cries nor teares
Cannot avails: what can the sinner say?

His heart is hardned, and he cannot pray:
Oh, that he could! then one repenting story
Of faithfull pray'r, turnes miserie to glory;
And then an *Habeas corpus* comes apace,

To bring the Prisoner to another place;
This changes Death for Life, all miserie
Into a Palace of Eternitie,
Makes him to be Loves Monument; beside,
Death is no Jayler, but a gentle Guide.

If Prayer have this power, then why am I
So long in telling you their destinies,
That are the bloudie Actors of these Times,
And sonnes of Horror? why doe these my Rimes
Wrong thus your patience, and my wearie Pen
The character the rudenesse of these men?
I tell you why, indeed I did intend,
But know not to begin, nor how to end.

Is it wonder, doe giddie mortalls see
Their soules want of immortalitie;
And shall they live on this Stage, this transitorie
Scene, till they shall be the worldlings glory?
Why is the Land in such a hurry? why
Does Envie lodge in ev'ry lofty eye?
Why are our enemies of their wits bereaven?
Why, in their furie, doe they rage at Heaven?

And

And why thus ruine Earth? and thinke it well,
 To cut their passage to the Gates of Hell
 With their bloud-thirstie Blades? what shall I say?
 There is a godly partie that doth pray,
 My foes, for your sad Ruine; these are them
 That are the Citizens of *Hierusalem*,
 And the worlds wondrous Warriors, whose cleane hands
 Are winged battlements for these weakned Lands.
 By such as these, th' *Assyrians* mightie Host,
 Whose Gen'rall blasphemed Heav'n, and did boast
 Of Fortitude and Valour, yet did run
 With feare and horror, ere the fight begun;
 And yet they had good cause to runne and ride,
 A hundred, fourescore, and five thousand dy'd
 That dismall ev'ning, by an unscene Arme,
 And Death did triumph in that num'rous swarme
 That measur'd out their graves; others did flie,
 When none pursu'd them, with a mightie Crie.
 'Twas Pray'r deliv' red *Paul*, the Churches paine
 Set *Peter* loose, knockt off his gingling Chaine,
 And saved *Barnabas*: if it be so,
 Then this fore-tells our enemies overthrow;
 Sing, Drinke, and Swear, Curse, Vapour, Spoyle, and Play,
 The Church ere long will keepe a holy-day
 In memorie of your Ruine, for mine eye
 Beholds the Day is neere when you shall dye,
 And your black Actions fall, 'tis very neere,
 In'a darke Cloud; my foes you well may feare,
 'Tis even at your doores, I am sure you shall
 Have both a suddaine and a small fall;
 And in your graves, when you shall sleepe in dust
 Your glory dies, your Brazen Records rust,
 Like to your rotten Names, you shall lay downe
 A wearie body, and a wicked Crowne:
 Then a weake Child may travaile by your grave,
 Nay, trample on your honour, yet not have

at his bosome ; you will be
 Death lulls you to eternitie.
 This all proud man can ever doe?
 Drowning Envie, sleepe in ashes too.
 Oh, had now my hand an Eagles Quill,
 To write high Rhethorick, or had I skill
 To picture those rare pleasures in my Lines,
 Or paint those orient beames that ever shines
 In Loves illustrious Glory ; I could spend
 Perpetuall Ages, ere I made an end
 Of embling Immortalitie for those
 That are the friends of Heaven, and the worlds foes ;
 Those brave heroick hearts, that ever are
 Above the Clouds, upon the wings of Prayer
 And loftie Contemplation ; those who feares
 Sinnes guilt and horror, and with silent teares
 Doe bathe their amorous eye-lids : but Ile misse
 The Caract'ring so rare a Paradise,
 Lest I am lost, and you too soone be drown'd,
 Sweet Readers, in amazement, and I wound
 Your bosomes with Loves arrowes, lest your eye
 Should slumber too much in Loves Lullaby :
 Who can describe their glory, lest he be
 Himselfe wrapt first into eternitie
 And so deare Land adue, let Loves sweet Boy
 Crowne thee with harmonic of Peace and Joy,
 And purest milke-white Robes, cast off thy moanes,
 And let thy voyce utter some ravisht Tones,
 In a well-measur'd evenness ; let thy dayes
 Be past in puritie, and spent in prayle :
 Oh doe but banish sinne, then a few yeares
 Will wipe out quite the mem'rie of thy feares ;
 Then Heav'n will puffe away this darkned storme,
 And arch thy browes in a victorious forme,
 Give thee all Royaltie, and thou shalt ride
 In Honours Chariot, and be dignify'd ;

Adorne

Adorne thy beautilous face with Vertues Gems,
 Impale thy glory with a Diadem :
 For present times thou shalt have Lessons sent,
 For after-Ages a learn'd President;
 He will not leave thee, if thy gentle eye
 Can learne the part of the Spouse loyalty.
England farewell, goe dearest Nurse adue,
 Forget not Heaven, he will thinke of you ;
 His lovely Armes thy body shall surround,
 If thy archt browes be with sweet Vertue crown'd :
 Though I may fall, yet let this Infant be
 Thy Guider, and a Monument for me.

FINIS.



Sept 18 1772

Heaven his Book

Fredrick